THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

FOR DECLINING TO SUBMIT THEIR FINANCIAL records to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, eleven leaders of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee have been convicted of contempt and are subject to fines and jail sentences. The same punishment has been incurred by Leon Josephson, an attorney, for refusing to be sworn before the Thomas committee, which was inquiring into his political beliefs. Were the constitutional rights of these persons invaded? United States Circuit Courts have ruled, on appeal of the cases, that they were not. The Supreme Court has refused to hear the cases by denying opportunity for further appeal. The refusal of "certiorari" may be merely technical. It is a pity, however, that the nation's highest tribunal has not decided whether it is legal for the Thomas committee to demand private records merely on the ground that the committee regards certain persons as engaged in "un-American activities," or to force a revelation of an individual's political beliefs. Both Circuit Courts divided on the issue, and the dissenting judges strongly supported the right of privacy in these circumstances. It is to be hoped that the question will come up to the Supreme Court again in a form that will make necessary a decision placing bounds on the inquisitional activities of the committee.

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NEARLY SIX WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE discovery of the murder of George Polk, Columbia Broadcasting System correspondent in Greece, and the investigation into his death has got nowhere. This is hardly surprising, since the inquiry is being conducted principally by the Greek police force, which might well find it embarrassing to have the murderers and their paymasters exposed. Polk detested the brutal and venal Greek regime that clings to power, with American assistance, in the name of anti-communism. His record as an honest and courageous reporter and his letters to his brother, which appear on page 726 of this issue, make it clear that it was the extreme right in Greece that, to stop his broadcasts, had the best reason to kill him. The Greek police are trying to make it appear otherwise. According to Polk's mother, who returned from Greece last week, the police have focused their energies on grilling Polk's fellow-correspondents, his friends, and members of his immediate family. His young Greek wife was questioned for fourteen hours in a fruitless attempt to badger her into naming a non-political suspect. Another person exhaustively queried was Constantine Argyris, a Greek reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor* who, like Polk, has criticized the government. Argyris, whose life is very likely in peril, has been refused permission to leave Greece, reputedly at the suggestion of General William J. Donovan, who conducted a five-day "investigation" into the Polk case on behalf of a group of American publishers and prominent correspondents. Donovan's only statement to date on his findings is that "the Greek police and judicial authorities are handling the case satisfactorily." Rank-and-file newspapermen are not so complacent; they want to send a team of three or four reporters to Greece, with Congressional backing, to conduct a full and impartial investigation. Readers who wish to offer them financial or other assistance should write to William R. Polk, Newsmen's Commission to Investigate the Murder of George Polk, care of the New York Newspaper Guild, 133 West Forty-fourth Street, New York.

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THE BELATED CONSENT OF THE SOVIET Union to a conference of the Danubian nations on navigation of the river may be a sign of a more conciliatory attitude. If the shift has occurred because the Communists now control the votes of a majority of the conferees —Russia insists that Austria, which it does not control, be denied a vote—the inference that it indicates a change in line is not weakened but strengthened. Such a change, if it is a fact, is probably due to the calculation that Communist penetration has for the present gone about as far as it can go. Events in Berlin do not necessarily upset this interpretation. The Soviet authorities continue to harass the Western powers with traffic obstructions, but they now explain carefully that the obstructions are practical necessities not intended to annoy. It was a foregone conclusion that Russia would not and could not accept the creation of "Trizonia," nor, of course, will it give up its hold on eastern Germany, or its ambition to control the whole country. But the Soviet Union is apparently saying, "We won't fight for Germany now if you won't."

The Republican convention opened on the day this issue went to press, making it impossible to comment on the nominations. A full report on the convention by Robert Bendiner will appear in our next issue.

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THERE IS NOTHING NEW OR SENSATIONAL about the devaluation of the old currency in western Germany, in which the Reichsmark is succeeded by the new Deutsche mark. Currency inflation has been the lot of many belligerents. Devaluation is the standard remedy when the old currency has escaped control and extreme inflation enriches speculators and black-marketeers at the expense of productive workers. Russia, whose spokesmen now assail the monetary reform as a plot of American capitalists against the German worker, itself carried through a devaluation of almost exactly the same nature at home; and it must soon follow suit in its own zone. Although German inflation was probably inevitable because of the extremely low level of production, Russia helped it along by uncontrolled printing of invasion marks from plates obtained from the United States—plates which the Russian authorities refused to return when the war was over. The urgent need of a stable currency to facilitate the restoration of production was one of the main reasons why the Western allies established a separate government in their zones. What Marshal Sokolovsky condemns as a conspiracy has been known to the world for months. Naturally, Russia must set up barriers against incoming Reichsmarks, now worthless, but in essence the problem of German economic unification remains exactly where it was: the Germans could have it at any time under four-power tutelage but the Western allies will not agree to it on terms which imply a Soviet-controlled central government.

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AS THE SOFT-COAL NEGOTIATIONS TAKE their devious way, those outside the mining industry can only wait, and hope that another stoppage of production will not begin when the contract expires on July 1. First, Lewis would not talk with the representative of the Southern operators and had to be compelled to do so by a court order. Later, the Southern representative was the only one left for Lewis to talk to, the spokesmen for the Northern and Western operators having withdrawn from the conferences on the ground that no headway was being made. Federal Conciliator Ching next summoned all concerned to meet with him; the law compelled them to do so but it could not compel them to agree. They did not agree, and, as we go to press, a fact-finding board, appointed by the President, is studying the dispute. If no agreement emerges, there remain other possible moves, such as an injunction under the Taft-Hartley law, a "cooling-off" period—and then the green light for a strike unless the government takes over the mines and obtains another injunction on still another legal ground. Meanwhile, the operators are fighting in the courts the decision regarding payments from the pension fund which formed the basis for the settlement of the recent strike. If pensions sufficient to satisfy the miners are put into effect, the union

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and the operators may still not be able to agree on wages. Surely collective bargaining was never weighed down by more cumbersome legal procedures or conducted by more contentious disputants.

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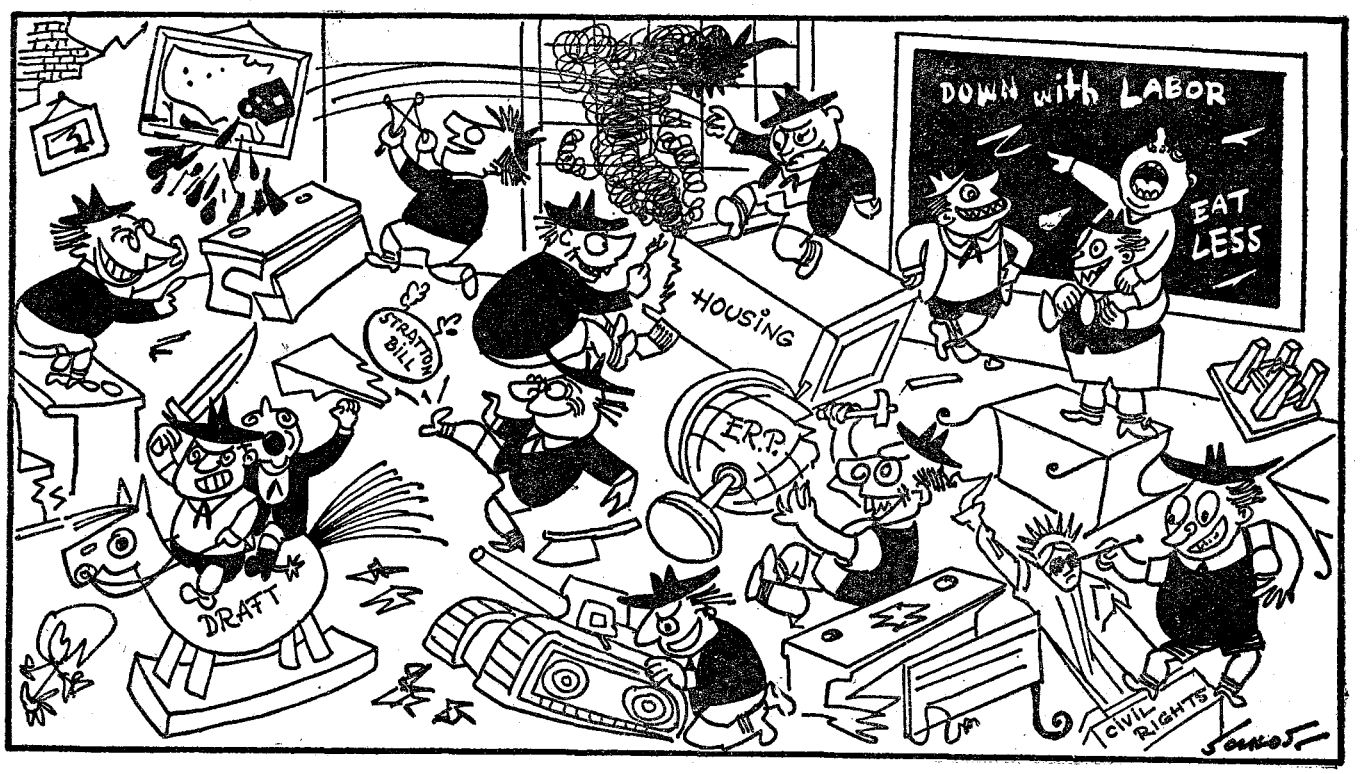
THE BILLION-DOLLAR RUSTLERS ARE ON THE prowl again. Resuming their efforts to shift control of public-domain grazing lands from federal to private and state hands, the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association and fellow organizations, at their recent annual meetings, have drawn up plans for an extensive public-relations campaign in support of various proposals now pending in Congress. Certain of these measures provide that federal grazing lands should be sold to private interests at prices ranging from nine cents to $2.80 an acre, with only a 10 per cent down payment and the remainder to be amortized over thirty years at 1½ per cent interest. Even more audacious is the stockmen's proposal that only present holders of grazing permits should be eligible to buy the federal lands. Coupled with schemes of this sort are measures aimed at cutting out of the national parks all lands "primarily valuable for livestock grazing." In the past, bills like these have been tabled because they were crudely drawn and the intended theft of the public domain was too evident. One can now anticipate, of course, that the new campaign will be launched under more favorable auspices; all that is needed is a Republican victory in November and the appointment of somebody like Eugene Millikin of Colorado—Taft's inevitable choice—to the post of Secretary of the Interior.

Congress Is the Issue

IT IS now apparent to all that the Republican Party did rather too well for itself in November, 1946. Some of its leaders knew it at the time and were fearful that the sudden assumption of responsibility might prove a handicap in the more important elections of 1948. As Arthur Krock reported a few days after the election, ". . . long-headed Republican politicians hoped their gains would fall just short of majorities in the House and in the Senate." They planned, with the aid of conservative Democrats, to control legislation and "at the same time to be able to blame all consequences on the nominal majority." Fate played them an ironic trick; it forced them to give the voter a preview of Republican Party rule, an opportunity to measure its pledges alongside its achievements. The results can do the G. O. P. no good. To judge by its conduct of the Eightieth Congress, the Republican Party today is inefficient to a degree, split from top to bottom on basic issues, and wholly unpredictable.

To take these indictments in turn, Congressional leaders allowed the major part of the legislative business of a session to pile up for action in the closing month. After filling volumes of the *Record* with Communist-baiting, tears for the taxpaper, and pleas for the protection of American cows against oleomargarine, they set a date for adjournment without having acted on a dozen of the fifteen most important bills before them and without having put up the money for much of the



AIN'T EDUCATION GRAND?

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legislation they did pass. In consequence, the most far-reaching laws of the session had to be shot through both houses in a disgraceful two weeks' whirl, with all pretense to deliberation giving way to shabby trades and crude bargaining.

THE divisions in the G. O. P. are most clearly perceived by comparing the remarks of some of its leaders of 1946 with what those leaders have been able to deliver in two years of Republican control on Capitol Hill. Senator Vandenberg, to begin with, greeted the 1946 victory as a "mandate" to carry out the "united bipartisan foreign policy." He did, in fact, apply himself whole-heartedly to the enactment of that policy, but what of his party? To be sure, it went along in authorizing the European Recovery Program, which had to be presented as an anti-Russian crusade, but the going was heavy and the issue often in doubt. The net result of the session is that the entire world is more uncertain about American policy than at any time since the war. Nine weeks after E. R. P. was authorized, rebellion broke out in the House. Encouraged by Speaker Joe Martin, the Appropriations Committee branded the whole project a raid on the Treasury, and the House itself slashed the funds far below the minimum required to launch an effective program. The Senate subsequently undid most of the material damage, but psychologically Western Europe was left reeling. If the Republicans could do this now, in an election year and on the eve of their own convention, what might they attempt as the governing party?

On two other major pieces of legislation the House reinforced the growing doubt as to the genuineness of the new Republican world outlook. One was the reciprocal-trade program and the other the draft. It is particularly piquant now to recall the words of Thomas E. Dewey when he was asked in the 1944 campaign whether or not he approved Secretary Hull's trade-agreement program. "That has always been a Republican policy," Dewey replied, "which Secretary Hull has carried out ably and which I hope the Republicans will continue to carry out." The Republicans carried it out and buried it. Under the one-year renewal—the Administration asked for three years—the Tariff Commission becomes once more the policy-making body and "protectionism" the chief objective. Knowing that even this perverted version will expire next June, other countries can hardly be expected to enter into long-drawn-out negotiations in which the flow of trade, vital to our foreign policy, will in any case be considered secondary to the protection of our "infant" industries.

Whatever the intrinsic merits of the draft—and we seriously question them—its total defeat in Congress would have reflected, not the radical anti-militarism of Senator Taylor or any other opposition on principle, but the calculated political ambitions of the right-wing Republicans. By the world at large, it would have been correctly interpreted as a sign that the Administration's so-called bipartisan foreign policy had been nullified and that its word might safely be discounted in foreign chancelleries. Yet it was not until the very last hours of the session that the issue was even half-heartedly settled, when Congress authorized, rather than approved, a watered-down military-service bill.

For the ultimate irony, however, we must turn back to the smug announcement made by Senator Taft the day after the Congressional sweep two years ago: "Under Republican leadership," said the man who was shortly to be made Majority Leader of the Senate, "we can sit down calmly and work out the constructive measures necessary for peace, for full employment, under private enterprise, and for social welfare." Instead of the predicted calm, we have had legislation by frenzy; the principal measure for peace had to struggle for life down to the last day of the session; nothing whatever was done to insure full employment; and not one of Senator Taft's own proposals for social welfare was adopted. Here was the spectacle of a majority leader advancing bills to provide for public housing, for federal aid to the hard-pressed schools, and for a public-health program, only to have all three of them killed—and not by the Democratic minority but by his own party colleagues. The social-security program instead of being expanded was actually narrowed over the veto of the President.

Here was the spectacle, too, of a party pledged to extend civil rights, yet unwilling or unable to put through an anti-lynching bill, an anti-poll-tax bill, or a fair-employment-practices act; unable, indeed, to provide racial equality to men drafted into the armed forces. Here was a Congress that railed at the President for mishandling the grave question of Palestine, yet passed a bill admitting 205,000 displaced persons, of whom no more than 6,000 can possibly be Jews; Nazi *Volksdeutsche* driven out of the lands they subverted, however, may be admitted as Germans or Austrians. And a Congress that couldn't find time to lift discriminatory taxes on margarine, to the benefit of the dairy lobby, found time, over a Presidential veto, to exempt railroads from the rate-fixing provisions of the anti-trust laws.

Above all, here was a Congress that rode into office on the promise to reduce prices by removing controls. The controls are long a thing of the past, but the consumers' price index today is 169.3 compared with 145.9 for September, 1946, when that promise was being made.

By the time these comments appear, the Republican Party will have drafted its platform for the coming campaign. Like all such documents, it will be forgotten in a month. Unfortunately for the G. O. P., the Eightieth Congress will be remembered. If it was not, as President Truman says, the worst in our history, it was surely bad enough to be the Number One issue of the 1948 elections.

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Blood and Oil

Aramco's Secret Report on Palestine

THIS week The Nation Associates submitted to President Truman a memorandum pointing out how his Palestine policy has been undermined by the State Department working in close cooperation with the Middle Eastern oil companies. The basis of the memorandum is a document, never before published, which has been the subject of much rumor and speculation in Washington. This is the famous report written in Cairo last December by James Terry Duce, formerly a director of the Petroleum Administration and now vice-president of Aramco (Arabian-American Oil Company), to W. F. Moore, the president of the company. That report and the activities it describes have been major obstacles in the way of partition—in Palestine and the Arab states, in Washington, and at Lake Success. For Mr. Duce undertook, first, to assure the Arab rulers and political leaders through personal visits that they could count upon the active support of the oil companies and of the United States government experts in their opposition to the Jewish state, and, second, to kill partition by advising the State Department of its dangers and reporting the views and proposals of the Arab leaders.

When President Truman recognized Israel it looked as if the enemies of partition had been defeated. Events since then show that they have by no means given up. The State Department in the last few weeks has been trying to force the Jewish state to accept reduction in area —perhaps even to the dimensions of a "Vatican City"— in return for de jure recognition. This idea, which has been privately discussed by Americans at the U. N., stems from the Duce report. On December 10 in Cairo Azzam Pasha, secretary general of the Arab League, proposed such a solution to Mr. Duce, who with Azzam's permission passed it on to the State Department. The present intention of the department is to use the truce period, which expires on July 9, to negotiate a compromise more or less along these lines: at the very least Israel will be asked to relinquish the Negev and accept an enlarged Arab state under Abdullah, with an outlet to the sea presumably at Gaza and port rights at Haifa. These ceded areas and facilities would of course be actually subject to Great Britain, which controls Transjordan and its ruler.

Mr. Duce's report is a surprisingly naive exposition of oil politics in the Middle East. It shows both the deference with which the oil-company executive approached the Arab leaders and his total ignorance of Jewish attitudes and intentions. One of his most "fruitful" experiences was the conversation with Azzam Pasha mentioned above, in the course of which the Arab leader suggested that a "compromise might be worked out which would satisfy the Arabs and still have some possibility of being acceptable to the Jews." The report says on this point:

> I remarked that, if so, it would be of extreme interest to get it before the proper people. He replied that he thought that the matter could be worked out on the basis of a Vatican State for the Jews which would have all the rights and privileges allotted to the Vatican by the present treaties. . . . I asked him where he thought this kind of state could be set up. He said, "Well, of course, the Arabs would like it as far away as possible," and jokingly mentioned Samoa and New Guinea and—as if an afterthought—"even the district around Tel Aviv." I asked him if I could carry his remark to the State Department and say it had been his. He replied that he had no substantial objection to my making such a report.

Mr. Duce was flattered to be received by Azzam Pasha, who was in bed with a cold. They spent two hours alone and "had a very interesting discussion." The Arab League secretary complained that the United States government had "dragooned the various delegates to vote for the resolution of the General Assembly." Mr. Duce explained that Americans misunderstood the situation in the Middle East because they had been brought up on the Bible and thought of Palestine as the Jewish homeland; but he added that "a large proportion of the people who had dealt with the Middle Eastern situation and were experts on it for the United States government were opposed to partition because they thought that it would result in very serious events in the Middle Eastern area." He also told Azzam Pasha that the oil companies "had no political influence" and any attempt to bring direct pressure on the government would have injured the Arab case. The Zionists, he said, "would have been quick to raise the question as to whether the United States was more interested in oil or in the blood of Jews."

Apparently Azzam Pasha fully understood that the cancelation of oil concessions would dry up a major source of dollar income, for Mr. Duce reports:

> I told him our company was anxious to go along with the development of the oil resources, that he had seen what had been done in Saudi Arabia during his visit recently, and that we wished to build a pipe line to the Mediterranean. I pointed out that the building of this pipe line would help all the countries along the way, and that financial benefits would be derived. . . . He said that he realized this; that he had supported us in the meetings of the League. He said there were great difficulties in controlling the populace, but that he hoped we would

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> be permitted to continue to operate in safety; that he knew we were not pro-Zionist, and that it was in the interest of the Arab people to see us continue our operations.

Mr. Duce offered to do what he could "to assist Azzam Pasha in any contacts he might wish to have with the United States government unofficially," and the Arab leader replied that he "would call on me as he knew from experience that I was one of the people in the United States who could be trusted implicitly. . . I asked him of what service I could be, and he asked me to tell the State Department people the truth about the matter in the Middle East."

In a conference with the head of the Misr Bank of Cairo, Hafifi Pasha, Mr. Duce hastened to explain his own and his company's attitude toward American policy:

> I told him . . . that I had advised my own government of the dangers which were inherent in partition and its support by . . . the United States; that I had wired my people when it had happened that I thought the United States had "set the woods on fire" and that our government was thus playing into the hands of destructive forces in the Middle East.

Mr. Duce then offered his own formula for winning American sympathy for the Arab cause, a formula which would present the "true story of the Middle East" in an attractive light. He suggested "historical romances, events in the Middle East which had a historic or a picturesque touch." He strongly urged that a "study be made of American publicity methods," and expressed the opinion that Mr. Truman had decided to support partition without fully understanding the consequences. He concluded with the remark that he "could see even more tragic consequences than the Arabs could see themselves," and that it was "the duty of all good people to work together to get this matter straightened out."

Mr. Duce met King Farouk's Chief of Cabinet, Ibrahim Abdelhadi Pasha, and told him that partition would produce anti-Semitism and bloodshed, with "tragic consequences for the Jews in many countries." To indicate further that he and Aramco, despite their alleged lack of interest in political affairs, were friendly to the Arab cause, Mr. Duce added: "I did not myself at all despair as to the ultimate solution of the Palestine problem; that the proposed two states in Palestine seemed to me politically and geographically impossible." He convinced Ibrahim Abdelhadi Pasha that if concessions were canceled, "the Arabs should bear in mind that they would hurt their friends and not their enemies, that a great many Zionists would be delighted if the Arabs took the opportunity to cancel the American and British oil concessions, as this would be a further weapon in Zionists' hands." The Egyptian official, who had shown considerable hostility at the start, replied that "he had been pleased to hear what I had to say and indicated that he would pass the information I had given him on to King Farouk. He told me, too, that after discussing the matter with me it was his opinion that the Arabs should give all facilities to us to continue our work."

IN CAIRO Mr. Duce also arranged to see Prince Feisal, Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia and delegate to the United Nations. Before doing so he took pains to find out whether the visit of a man whose country had voted for partition would embarrass the Prince. To Mr. Duce's great relief Feisal "immediately set a date and time for me to appear at Shepheard's, where he was staying." Mr. Duce described his talk with Feisal in some detail:

> With him was Mardam Bey, the Syrian Prime Minister. Feisal began by telling me how much the Arab groups had appreciated my help in connection with their relations in Washington. He added, without any prompting on my part, that he knew that practically everybody in the oil companies was opposed to partition, but added that the companies themselves, as he well knew, were not concerned with political matters and had little influence in a case of this kind. I confirmed this fact to Prince Feisal. He turned then to Mardam Bey and told him how well pleased the Saudi Arabs were with their connection with the Arabian-American Oil Company, what good work we had done, and how fond they were of us. He then asked me how we were getting along with our affairs in Saudi Arabia. I told him that production had reached 300,000 barrels a day, and added that if we could get this Palestine matter settled and the pipe line built, greatly increased quantities of oil could be moved. I added, too, that probably the movement of these large quantities of oil would also result in the building of additional refining capacity in the north—much to the benefit of Syria and Lebanon. He said to me that he thought that the Syrians themselves should proceed to ratify the Syrian convention, as it was in the interests of all Arabs.

The reaction of Feisal should not have been a great surprise to Mr. Duce, for after all King Ibn Saud was receiving royalties from the oil companies at the rate of 21 cents a barrel—royalties which not only had saved the country from bankruptcy but were constantly replenishing the personal funds of the royal family. As was revealed by the special Senate committee investigating the national defense program, it was due to the influence of Aramco that the United States government, from 1940 to 1947, extended direct and indirect lend-lease and other assistance to Saudi Arabia in the amount of more than $99,000,000.

The Duce report informed the State Department that the Communists were active in the Middle East and insisted that the Russians were only waiting for the opportune moment to send an armed force into Palestine. At the same time, while admitting that he "had no contact

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with the Jewish side," Mr. Duce proceeded to tar the Jews with the Communist brush. He said:

> The significant fact is that the good Jews are leaving Palestine, and that Arabs are leaving Palestine to take refuge in other lands. The Palestine groups of Jews remaining are showing more radical tendencies. The red flag flies in Palestine along with the star of David, and it is generally recognized that Jewish Palestine will be organized as a communistic state.

Taken by itself the Duce report would be interesting only as a typical oil-company view of Middle Eastern affairs. As a document used by the State Department, its significance cannot be minimized. Oil dominates the department's policy in Palestine; colossal profits dominate the policy of Aramco. During the war, in return for government assistance, Aramco offered to make concessions in the price of oil to the navy. Instead, as the special Senate investigating committee reported, "the United States government was overcharged between $30,000,000 and $38,000,000 on sales made to the navy by Aramco and its affiliates between January 1, 1942, and June 30, 1947." It seems obvious that a company which gouged its government in time of war would have little hesitation about subverting public policy to increase its profits. But it is equally obvious that government officials who confuse the welfare of their country with the interests of the oil companies should be promptly cleared out of the State Department. They have done damage enough already.

[*The complete memorandum based on the Duce report may be obtained from The Nation Associates. An announcement and coupon will be found on the inside front cover.*]

Trekking with Truman

BY DAVID KARR

Washington, June 19

AFTER smoldering for something like two years over charges that he didn't know how to run the government, that he was a little man in a big job, Harry Truman has at last burst into flame. That is about the only certain conclusion to be drawn from the great Western trek. To those of us who rode across the country with the President on the "Pullman Car Named Desire" it was a revelation to see him swing from the floor in Butte, ripping into Congress for failing to act on housing, price control, or full employment. And it was something to see him standing on the back platform of the train at Pocatello at seven in the morning proving that he knows what he is talking about when he addresses Congress. Waving a copy of the Columbia River Valley Report, the size of a Manhattan telephone directory, he said to an Idaho audience: "I have been looking over a report that the Interior Department has sent to me. It is really a sample of the reports that the President is supposed to read and study all the time. You know, I fool them! I get up early in the morning and I read them. . . . I fool them by being acquainted with things they think I don't take time to read."

The entire tour was an uphill fight. The President left Washington with his prestige at a new low, and until he reached the Far West, it showed no signs of rising. Fiascos, too familiar to everyone by now to need reviewing, plagued him from the start. At Fort Wayne, Indiana, the first speaking stop, the President left his hearers cold with a plea for the United Nations that had a confused and hollow ring. At Gary, an important labor town, he was introduced by Representative Ray Madden, a progressive Democrat, to a disappointing audience of 500 people. In Chicago he paraded down the main street at the rush hour but met no enthusiasm. His speech there on D. P.'s, from a prepared text, was a pussy-footing composition that implied discrimination against Jews and Catholics in the Senate bill but failed to say so outright. Democratic leaders, headed by Cook County Chairman Jacob Arvey, said afterward that they were still for Eisenhower, Douglas, or anyone else who could save the local Democratic tickets.

Omaha was worse. In fact the Nebraska delegation, which had been solid for Truman, flared into open rebellion as soon as he left town. State Chairman William Ritchie, a Truman delegate, announced he was bolting the President because of the kicking around Nebraska delegates had received from the White House palace guard. It was a major boner in any case to intrust Omaha arrangements to Ed McKim, a one-time Truman White House aide who had been booted out for insulting Mrs. Roosevelt.

A group of visiting Democrats from neighboring Iowa couldn't even wangle fifteen minutes alone with the President. And Montana would have gone just as sour if the day hadn't been saved by Charlie Murray, son of Montana's liberal Senator. Murray did a noble job of smoothing ruffled feathers and uniting the state's Democrats, but even so the President will have to live down the blunder of having made Roy Glover, general counsel of the New Deal-hating Anaconda Copper Company, co-chairman of the reception committee.

In the state of Washington Truman spent the better part of three days with the close friend of his Senate years, Governor Mon Wallgren. The word among Washington Democrats is that Wallgren is practically sure to be named as Truman's running-mate. The Governor faces a desperate fight for reelection and would like to duck it by running for the vice-presidency. Though Wallgren turned his entire state organization loose for it, the President's Seattle show was as flat as the Omaha affair. Washington Democrats will go to

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Philadelphia pledged to Truman, but the pledge was extorted only after the most violent wrist-twisting by Wallgren and company. More Douglas-for-President sentiment can be found in Washington and Oregon than anywhere else in the country. The Governor knows, however, that if he wants to be Truman's running-mate he has to bring a pledged delegation to Philadelphia. In Wyoming also rebellious Democrats bowed to Truman in order to give Senator O'Mahoney a chance to get on the ticket.

The new-look Truman hit his peak in California—at least for attendance. Thanks to the extraordinarily good advance work of Under Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman, some 700,000 people turned out to greet the President in Los Angeles. But the crowd could not be called enthusiastic. State Chairman James Roosevelt, who had two conferences with Truman, was not impressed.

Mechanically the tour lacked coordination. At back-platform stops Truman had to perform as his own master of ceremonies, as the star attraction, as press agent, lining up pictures for the photographers and newsreel men, and as a family man, introducing Mrs. Truman and daughter Margaret for quick bows. It was clear, too, that Truman does not yet completely grasp the many basic issues he is tackling. His speeches on prices, housing, and labor were loaded with clichés which showed that he had studied hard but had not really assimilated the material.

The third basic weakness revealed is not properly Truman's but rather that of his party, which appears to be in a state of decay all across the land. When you stop to consider that Truman has few choice plums left to hand out, that the fat regional jobs are largely held by tired old wheelhorses too bloated to work for the organization, the cause of decay is apparent. The challenging Republican candidate, on the other hand, can dispose of at least a thousand juicy political posts, all forming a worth-while incentive to campaign work.

If Truman's chances for renomination are still the best in the party, there is only one reason: his opposition consists solely of phantom candidates. Truman still does not have enough pledged delegates to win on the first ballot. But unless some of the anti-Truman leaders begin caucusing quickly and lock hands behind Eisenhower or Douglas, the Democrats will wind up in the political graveyard whistling the Missouri Waltz.

Memoirs of Eduard Benes

II. MUNICH AND EXILE

IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA we watched the events of 1934-37 with mounting anxiety. I was horrified by the spectacle of Europe's collapse. Again and again I asked myself where it would all end. I felt almost physically how, piece by piece, the life work of Masaryk and myself was crumbling. Yet until the day of Munich I never gave up hope that somehow, by some act, it would be possible to reverse the trend and prevent a new European war.

In 1935, when President Masaryk resigned and I was elected to his post, I knew that we could not avoid being drawn into the approaching conflict, for it was certain to be precipitated by some move of Germany's. I decided therefore to give first place to building up our army, and I threw myself with energy into this work. I was always proud that when we mobilized in September, 1938, we were really prepared for war. I have sometimes been reproached with making a useless effort: after Munich, it has been said, we had no chance. True, but what would have been thought of us if we had been as unprepared as France and England?

My second task was to strengthen and rescue what could still be saved of our system of alliances. I made official visits to Rumania, Yugoslavia, and France. In Rumania, at the meeting of the Little Entente countries on June 6-7, 1936, I found the first open break in the Little Entente, a break due to the attitude of the Yugoslav Regent, Prince Paul. On my official visit to Yugoslavia in April of that year I had been received with enthusiasm by the Yugoslav people but coldly and equivocally by the Yugoslav dictator and his soldiers. Official Belgrade had already moved over to the other side.

France meanwhile was being oriented toward "appeasement." The critical moment came on April 10, 1938, when Daladier formed his government with Bonnet as Foreign Minister. This government redirected French policy away from France's Central European alliances. Soon no part of Central Europe except Czechoslovakia had a common policy with France.

The first chapter of Eduard Benes's Memoirs dealt with Hitler's early efforts to revise the Treaty of Versailles and ended with his first aggressive move against Czechoslovakia. In the third—to appear next week—Dr. Benes gives the substance of a long talk he had with President Roosevelt three months before the outbreak of war and repeats his own forecast of the future.

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> *There is no merit in putting off a war for a year if, when it comes, it is a far worse war or one much harder to win. These are the tormenting dilemmas upon which mankind has throughout its history been so frequently impaled. . . . There is, however, one helpful guide—namely, for a nation to keep its word and act in accordance with its treaty obligations to allies. This guide is called honor.*—WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "MEMOIRS"

Long before this, Daladier on various occasions had made a point of explaining that he was not present at Versailles, was not one of the 1919 treaty makers, and that it was necessary to adjust to new developments; France, he said, could not afford to worry about the collapsing Central European states. His contemptuous remarks about Poland and Rumania were at that time known everywhere and repeated in all the Paris salons.

Georges Bonnet was a political gambler and cynical compromiser for whom any means was good if it led to the desired end. It was a common practice with him to pursue several, or at least two, policies at once. As Foreign Minister he sent out telegraphic and written instructions in accord with his government's official declarations. Privately he gave oral orders with a precisely opposite intent. When he was negotiating with a country, he commonly kept there both an official delegate for his first policy and a confidential representative for his second. He was opposed to any sort of effective or military resistance to Hitler's expansionism, though he would have liked to see a conflict between Nazism and Bolshevism.

Thus only the Soviet Union and ourselves were left in the camp of those who were basically and openly anti-fascist and anti-Nazi. After we concluded the 1935 treaty of alliance with Russia we kept in constant contact with the Kremlin. Nothing interrupted our exchange of opinion and coordination of policies.

We tried several times to arrange closer political and military cooperation between the West and the Soviet Union. For example, in 1938 we were asked by the Soviet minister in Prague to help persuade the West, especially France, to contribute to the equipment of the Soviet navy. I tried to do so, I repeatedly emphasized the importance of such aid—all in vain. I was forced to conclude that the people then making French decisions had no desire to contribute to Soviet strength.

Seeing the feverish war preparations of Germany, we delivered to the Soviet army certain special arms from our armament factories which it was unable to obtain from France or elsewhere. In the summer of 1937 another Soviet military mission came to Czechoslovakia. [The first came in August, 1935.—Ed.] Various measures were taken and agreements reached, especially for Soviet air aid in case we were attacked by Germany.

After the Soviet military mission's visit a similar Czechoslovak mission was sent to Russia. This mission's written report on the military situation of the Soviet Union was an indispensable aid to us in evaluating the strength of the Red Army during World War II.

Soviet diplomacy tried several times to arrange meetings for an exchange of views on the common defense of Eastern and Western Europe against fascist attack. We were always ready to join any such meetings. However, efforts to interest the French and English failed completely up to the end of September, 1938. In making military preparations directly for defense against the Nazis we were joined, in September, 1938, only by Russia.

AT THIS moment Europe was ready, in every respect, to accept without protest the *Diktat* of Berchtesgaden. When Czechoslovakia decisively rejected that *Diktat,* it received from Britain and France, on September 19, 1938, a joint note demanding that it accept the capitulation arranged between Hitler and Chamberlain. When we refused, France and Britain sent us an ultimatum saying that if we did not comply they would abandon us. They made it clear that they would not go to war merely "to keep the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia." Few persons in France or England understood that the question was more serious than that.

At Munich on September 30 our state and people were clubbed on the head. Without our participation in the conference and in spite of the mobilization of our entire army, the four great powers forced on us the Munich pact, so fatal for Europe and the world.

On October 1, 1938, the day after Munich, Marshal Göring officially informed the Czechoslovak minister to Berlin that Germany would not allow me to continue as President of the republic. It would not even deal with me any more. He indicated that if I did not resign immediately, Germany would act with complete ruthlessness toward Czechoslovakia in putting the Munich agreement into effect. A declaration to the same effect was made to our Foreign Minister's delegate in Berlin by Secretary of State Weiszäcker,* and similar threats were sent me in Prague through unofficial channels.

The whole of fascist Europe regarded me as a symbol of democratic and anti-Nazi policy. Hitler himself, in a savage speech in the Berlin Sportpalast on September 26, denounced me as his unyielding opponent and said that it was a fight to the death between himself and me.

As a result of all this I felt it necessary to leave my post. It would be in the interest of the state, and it would demonstrate my personal judgment of the situation and provide a clear lesson for those who achieved "appeasement" at Munich. Also, I could already sense a change of attitude in my own country.

On October 5 I sent a letter to the new Cabinet in-

* Ernst von Weiszäcker, German ambassador to the Vatican during the war, is one of the former Nazi diplomats now being tried at Nürnberg.

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forming them of my departure. Then I took leave of the Czechoslovak people in a radio speech. It was discreet and moderate, such a statement as the situation then required; looked at from the perspective of today it was well fitted to contemporary events. I asked my fellow-citizens to preserve their calm, to refrain from recriminations and anger, to avoid quarrels, and not to lose confidence in themselves or faith in the justice of our cause. I indicated that I would go on working for the nation in another place and that new events were in the offing.

On October 6, completely exhausted mentally and physically, my heart filled with indescribable emotions, my mind with dark thoughts of the terrible political and moral catastrophe that had engulfed Europe and might eventually destroy it, I left the Prague Castle with my family for Sezimovo Usti. There I tried to recover from the heavy blows I had received. I desired to remain in my country for a few more weeks, certainly at least till October 28 [Czechoslovak Independence Day—Ed.], and then leave either for Switzerland or England, and later for the United States, where I had accepted the post of professor of sociology at the University of Chicago.

But the tension between Prague and Berlin continued. The Berlin government informed Prague that its plans could be no more than tentative as long as I remained in Czechoslovakia. The Cabinet, terrified by the new threats, begged me to leave the country as soon as I could. Despite my poor health, I decided, principally to relieve the Cabinet, to go to London on October 22. Before leaving, I imparted my views on the situation to various officials and to some of my political friends and warned them to prepare immediately for a renewal of the struggle.

In October, 1938, I expected that the military conflict would begin not later than May or June, 1939. I believed that Hitler's first move would be an attack on Poland, and I expected, and feverishly hoped, that post-Munich Czechoslovakia would manage to maintain at least some independence up to that moment.

In London Jan Masaryk and I consulted about our future plans for cooperation, and I organized underground contacts with my homeland. The first political messenger came in the middle of November. I kept in contact with my political friends and wrote them hundreds of letters, urging them to hold out and to keep faith.

THE post-Munich government in Prague sought, rightly or wrongly, some sort of *modus vivendi* with Nazi Berlin. The majority of its members did not believe that war was just around the corner. Even I did not regard as completely worthless, at least not as morally worthless, the guaranty of security which the Western powers had given Czechoslovakia at Munich; I thought that Nazi Germany would have some respect for it and therefore did not expect that Hitler would try to occupy Czechoslovakia by force before the eve of actual warfare.

Because I believed that war would begin by an attack on Poland I hoped to the last that when that moment came, Czechoslovakia could rise up and fight at the side of Poland, France, and Great Britain. I wished to devote my time abroad to preparing for this eventuality, so that we might enter the Second World War against Germany as an active participant. I remembered the Calvary of 1914-18, the long struggle to gain international recognition for a new, revolutionary government, and I did not want to go through it again.

But Hitler, on March 14, 1939, summoned President Hacha and Foreign Minister Chvalkovsky to Berlin. Politically disoriented and incapable, these two yielded to slander, threats, and force, and agreed to the creation of the so-called Bohemian Protectorate and the separation of Slovakia from the republic.

Although at that time I did not publicly and finally judge them, I was convinced then—and I have never changed and never will change my opinion—that Dr. Hacha, our highest judge and legal authority, the President of the state, and Dr. Chvalkovsky, his Foreign Minister, sacrificed their country, without any right or instruction, out of criminal shortsightedness and inexperience. At the same time Tiso, the Slovak leader, and his henchmen committed treason, shamefully plunging a dagger into the back of the nation.

On March 14 and 15 the guaranty given to us by the Western powers at the time of Munich proved valueless. The Munich agreement was canceled by its own authors —by non-fulfilment of the guaranty they had given. The occupation of Prague was the real beginning of the Second World War. I was then in Chicago, lecturing at the university. The news was a terrible blow. All my plans were collapsing while there was still peace.

For a long time I considered what to do next. I could not imagine anyone with a greater right to raise his voice in protest in the name of Czechoslovakia than the second President of the Republic, then in exile. Because of what had happened at home I felt once more free to speak and act. Hitler's crime, the new failure of the French and English to keep their word, and Hacha's consent to the Protectorate freed me of all the obligations I had imposed on myself. Everything had fallen—the First Republic again legally existed!

On March 16, therefore, I sent telegrams expressing this view—though at the moment it could not be completely formulated—to President Roosevelt, Chamberlain, Daladier, Maxim Litvinov, and the president of the Council of the League of Nations. I took the stand that I had a right to voice the protest because I had been forced by German might, contrary to law, justice, and the constitution, to give up my office as legally elected President of the Czechoslovak Republic and go into exile, and also because events prevented any other true representative of the Czechoslovak state from taking action.

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TVA for the Highlands

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Glasgow, June 1

"WE HAVE colonized the world but failed to colonize the homeland," said Tom Johnston, veteran Socialist and former Secretary of State for Scotland, in a speech delivered here in November, 1946. He was referring in particular to northern Scotland, which for generations has been forced to export its young men and women to all parts of the earth because there were no opportunities for them at home. Between 1861 and 1931, date of the last official census in Britain, Scotland's population increased from just over 3,000,000 to 4,843,000, but in the northern sector, covering 75 per cent of the total area, it declined by 4 per cent. In certain western and northern counties—the Highlands proper—the fall was much more pronounced: Sutherland, for instance, dropped from 24,000 inhabitants in 1861 to 16,000 in 1931.

During these seventy years 680,000 persons left northern Scotland to settle elsewhere: some in the crowded industrial belt which lies between the Forth and the Clyde, some in England, many in the United States and the British dominions. To their new countries the Highlanders, a resourceful and vigorous race, have made important contributions, but their own land, deprived of the most enterprising of its sons, has been sinking into a state of decay.

In all the years that northern Scotland has been losing man-power it has been wasting horse-power. The Highlands are the one part of the United Kingdom with considerable hydroelectric potentialities. It is an area of heavy rainfall and of swiftly rushing rivers. The most recent survey indicates a possible annual power output of over six billion units, equal to one-seventh of the present total consumption of electric energy in Great Britain. But today most of the Highland streams flow unharnessed to the sea while industrial development is thwarted and small farmers and fishermen light their cottages with oil lamps and heat them with peat fires.

Before the recent war there were only two hydroelectric projects of consequence in northern Scotland. One of these consisted of three generating stations supplying current to the plants of the British Aluminium Company: the other, a chain of stations in the southern Highlands, belonged to a privately owned public-utility concern. Total installed capacity of both projects was under 200,000 kilowatts. A good many other plans for development had been put forward from time to time, but all encountered fierce local opposition and failed to secure parliamentary sanction.

Apart from the natural conservatism of the Highlanders, there were several specific reasons for this opposition. One was a belief that the construction of dams and other works would interfere with the migration of trout and salmon and so spoil the fishing which provides a living for a number of people and is an important element in the tourist industry. Another was the fear that hydroelectric schemes would inevitably ruin some of the finest scenery in the world. And, indeed, this was no idle threat. One project, twice rejected by Parliament, would have raised the level of Loch Affric, in the wild country west of Loch Ness, and turned a renowned glen into a lifeless reservoir.

Reinforcing such objections, there seems to have been a widespread belief that the benefits to be gained would not be commensurate with the damage that might be done. Private enterprise, bound to make profit the criterion of its success, would not be interested in providing cheap power to the scattered communities of the Highlands, for that would mean heavy distribution costs for small returns. Its chief concern would be to find a wholesale market for current among the industries to the south. Thus it was probable that hydroelectric development would do little or nothing to improve local amenities or employment opportunities.

WHEN Parliament in 1941 turned down the Glen Affric scheme for the second time, the situation appeared to be deadlocked. The power resources of the Highlands were obviously going to be needed after the war, but it seemed impossible to conceive plans which people and Parliament would approve. It was then that Tom Johnston, Secretary of State for Scotland, appointed a committee with Lord Cooper, Scotland's Lord Advocate, as chairman, to study the whole question anew. The committee found that power resources were much greater than had hitherto been supposed and recommended that their development be intrusted to a public authority. As a result an act was passed in 1943 setting up the North of Scotland Hydroelectric Board, with a mandate to initiate and carry out all future large-scale hydroelectric undertakings in the Highlands and islands and to sell current both directly to consumers and in bulk, either to other utilities or to "the Grid," the publicly owned wholesale distributor of power whose lines link all major generating stations in Britain.

The authority of the board and the area of its operations were still further extended by the Electricity Act of 1947, which nationalized all electric utilities. The

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board has now taken over all power projects north of a line drawn from the River Clyde to the River Tay—74 per cent of the total area of Scotland. It operates independently of the Central Electricity Authority, which is responsible for the industry in other parts of Britain, and has full autonomy to carry out the program visualized by the 1943 act. With this task it is proceeding energetically despite shortages of materials and man-power. So far twenty-nine schemes are either fully blueprinted or in an advanced stage of preparation. Eleven of these have received parliamentary sanction, and work has actually started on ten. By the end of next year some of these projects will be in operation, and by 1952 new stations with a generating capacity of 600,000 kilowatts should be in operation. And this is only a beginning. In the course of several decades, as the demand for power grows, the board expects to utilize a very large proportion of the water resources under its control.

By American standards, none of the Highland projects are very large. Scottish geography precludes power production on a TVA or Columbia River scale. While there are many usable streams, they are mostly quite short, and the nature of the terrain forbids the construction of very big reservoirs. On the other hand, since the fall of the land is rapid, it is possible to construct stations in series, a few miles apart, and to use the water several times.

A few days ago I inspected one scheme under construction in central Perthshire. Here along the River Tummel three new dams and generating stations are being constructed to link up with two existing stations on the upper reaches of the stream. Thus eventually there will be five stations in the course of about twenty-five miles, with a joint capacity of nearly 400,000 kilowatts. In order to extend the catchment area, a long tunnel is to be bored to tap part of the headwaters of the River Garry, a tributary of the Tummel. This will increase the storage at two of the new dams, while the third, at Pitlochry, a couple of miles below the junction of the two rivers, will impound the waters of both.

The Tummel-Garry project, like many of the others, will develop far more power than can be consumed locally under any foreseeable conditions. However, by the terms of the 1943 act the neighboring communities have first call on the current produced. The surplus will be sold to "the Grid" at a price equal to the costs of the most efficient steam-generating stations. At such a rate, it is estimated, the North of Scotland Board will receive a handsome profit, and this is to be used to subsidize the distribution of cheap current to the small towns, villages, and isolated farms in the Highland area.

As the TVA has demonstrated, electrification in a backward area acts as a kind of catalytic agent. Reducing the drudgery and monotony of rural life, it releases energies that can be employed in raising economic and social standards. It makes possible industrial developments based on local materials which, so long as power was lacking, were of little worth. Under no circumstances will the north of Scotland become a highly industrialized area, but it does have potentialities of a kind that should enable the present decline in population to be arrested.

THE duties of the Hydroelectric Board do not end with the generation and distribution of power. It is enjoined by the 1943 act to collaborate with other organizations in all measures for the economic and social improvement of its area. Thus in conjunction with the Highland Panel, an advisory body appointed by the Secretary of State for Scotland, and the Scottish Council (Development and Industry), an influential, unofficial body, it is investigating prospects for new industries in the Highland area, which at present depends very largely on subsistence farming, fishing, and weaving. Experience in Norway, which has used hydroelectric power on a large scale for the production of ferro-alloys, suggests one possibility which is being studied. Of more immediate importance, perhaps, since it would stimulate existing economic activity, would be the establishment of canning and quick-freezing plants at the numerous small fishing ports in the area. In years to come, as the big reforestation program now under way in the Highlands begins to yield a considerable annual lumber crop, small woodworking plants may prove feasible.

Another important economic activity, ripe for development, is the tourist trade. Hitherto northern Scotland has been a playground for millionaires, who have occupied large areas—much of it worthless land, it is true—for purposes of sport. But in Britain today millionaires are a dying breed and palatial summer mansions a drug on the market. At the same time, increased leisure for wage- and salary-earners and a more even distribution of income are creating a new demand for vacation facilities. Individually, these more humble tourists may spend relatively little, but collectively they promise to contribute much larger sums to the Highland economy than the grouse-shooters and deer-stalkers.

As the network of new power lines spreads, small hotels and guest houses will be able to instal lighting, electric fires, refrigeration—amenities not now generally available outside the few towns in the Highlands. Another requirement if the tourist trade is to grow is better communications. The Hydroelectric Board itself is building in connection with its new stations a number of roads which will give access to fine scenery. Of more consequence is the fact that it will pay into a pool, to be divided among all local authorities in its area, full local taxes on its plants. This will make possible road improvements which the county councils have hitherto been unable to afford.

There are critics of hydroelectric development who say it will kill the tourist industry by ruining the land-

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scape. This fear does not seem to be justified. The board appears to be very conscious of its responsibility for preserving the mountain heritage that means so much to every Scot. Thus its plans for the Glen Affric district have modified the scheme mentioned earlier in order to leave Loch Affric completely untouched. For its dams and power-houses the board has called in architects as well as engineers and has adopted designs in harmony with the natural surroundings. Nor are the fishing interests being neglected. At dams on the salmon rivers fish passes are being provided so that the salmon may find their way from the sea to their breeding places.

Scotland's TVA should not, therefore, harm the essential characteristics of the Highlands. There will still be sparkling burns a-plenty, still great purple hills where a man can wonder lonely as a cloud. Bonnie Scotland will not be less bonnie because the people of the glens will have a chance to change their living conditions from those of the eighteenth to those of the twentieth century.

God in the Hotel del Prado

BY VIRGINIA MISHNUN

Mexico City, June 8

INTELLIGENT conversation has virtually ceased in Mexico. The one topic everywhere is the controversy over Diego Rivera's mural in the dining-room of the Hotel del Prado. The Archbishop of Mexico, you will recall, refused to bless the hotel on the occasion of its opening because the mural contains the inscription *Dios no existe* (God does not exist). And the talk goes on endlessly. "Did you hear that Diego was forced out of the Chapultepec movie by virtuous Catholic ladies?" "His house has been stoned again." "Diego says that religion is a neurotic disease, but that like syphilis and tuberculosis it can be cured. Isn't he terrible?" "Diego says the American capitalists are behind the whole thing—and you know how anti-Catholic they are."

"They say it's been scratched out again." "What, God?" "No, God's still there, thank God. It's the 'doesn't exist' that's been scratched out." "They ought to throw him out of the country. They're talking of taking away his citizenship." "Whose?" "Diego's, of course, and a good thing." None of the talk is concerned with the existence of God himself, which started the whole dispute. God has virtually been eliminated from the show, but everyone else is getting something out of it, namely, publicity, with Diego, as usual, grabbing the lion's share. Diego may deny the existence of God, but for him the scandal is indeed a godsend, lifting him out of the temporary obscurity into which he had fallen. He had a poor press all year, making the front page only when he took a few shots at a chauffeur who got in his way, and making the second sections when he undertook to console the film star, Maria Felix, ex-wife of Augustin Lara.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN has been living in Mexico City for the past year.

The Del Prado mural is Diego's first serious large-scale painting in some time. Entitled "Sunday in the Alameda"—the Alameda is an ancient park facing the hotel, and the scene of many historical events—it depicts Mexican history from the time of Cortez. On the teeming walls is the usual Rivera assortment of good Indians, bad whites, politicians, pimps, whores, revolutionary heroes, villains, and traitors. Looking at it, you might assume that nothing has changed in Mexico during the last two decades except that one new group has been added—the ex-revolutionary millionaires of today, depicted in the far-right section.

Diego has painted a portrait of himself in the center of the mural as an innocent, fat little boy, holding the hand of his mother, Death, who bears a close resemblance to Dolores del Rio. Her other hand clasps that of Posada, famous Mexican lithographer of the last century, to whom the mural is dedicated. The controversial inscription. *Dios no existe,* is only about two inches high and a foot long, and legible only a few feet from the wall. It appears on a sheet of paper held by Ignacio Ramirez, known as El Nigromante, one of the heroes of the last century.

Whether or not El Nigromante actually did write or utter these words does not seem to bother either side too much. True, the press has reprinted religious poems revealing El Nigromante's indisputable faith in God and the Virgin. But then, what Mexican revolutionist has not called on both at some time or other to further his purpose? The Catholics also point out that the constitution of 1857, which El Nigromante helped formulate and which he signed, begins with the words, "In the name of God."

The Communists do not waste time arguing about the authenticity of the statement. They are holding meetings, and issuing denunciations, protests, and manifestos both directly and through fellow-traveler organizations. For the Communists, fallen on evil—that is, obscure—days,

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the Prado incident is also in the nature of a divine intervention. With Diego, they are back in the limelight. He and they are using the occasion to sound off on any number of irrelevant topics, domestic and foreign—Yankee imperialism, the new airline to Madrid. The pay-off on the campaign was the Communist Party announcement on Saturday, June 5, that the entire Prado incident was created by American imperialists in order to divide the Mexican people.

At any rate, Diego and the Communists have been formally reunited by the affair. Since 1946 Rivera has been trying to gain readmission to the party. When his formal application was accepted the other day, he said it was the happiest day of his life. Diego needs party support and organizational backing to carry on his private war with the Prado. And the Communists can always use a cause and a martyr, especially one as vocal and colorful as Diego.

The Catholics, too—some of whom are genuinely affronted and disturbed, and some worried for purely financial reasons—are making the most of the occasion, pointing out that anti-clericalism is still rampant, and that Communist atheism is indeed a menace. The Catholics are divided into two groups—those who wish to boycott the hotel, and those who feel that the hotel should not be made to suffer because of Diego's atheism. For business reasons, the Catholic administration of the hotel urgently needs the Archbishop's blessing, especially if tourist travel continues to drop and the hotel is forced to depend on a local clientèle. The hotel's owners are not sure that all the recent free publicity is good publicity.

The Archbishop of Mexico, Don Luis María Martínez, a mild-mannered man who started the whole rumpus by simply refusing to bless the building, is the only one who has acted with dignity, refusing to make subsequent statements or to discuss the matter further in any way.

MEXICAN papers are playing the story for all that it is worth, and more. Two-inch headlines scream the sensation or insult of the hour. Front-page stories give a play-by-play account, and on inside pages the shadiest columnists have become heroic defenders of the church. Around town it is being said the Communists, Catholics, and Diego, personally, are all paying for space. While they are all certainly getting it, the newspapers, except *El Popular* and *Tiempo,* are staunchly pro-Catholic.

One other man is said to be paying up, too. He is A. C. Blumenthal, that fugitive from American justice who is said to have made another fortune in Mexico, and who runs the Reforma, Mexico's swankiest hotel until the opening of the Del Prado. Ciro's, the Reforma nightclub, is in the red, and the hotel itself, already in precarious financial straits owing to the slack tourist season, will never be able to meet the competition of the Del Prado. According to reliable information, Blumenthal is contributing to the Catholic boycott of the Del Prado.

What actually did happen at the Del Prado can be told in a paragraph or two. After three days of festivities for the press, the tourist industry, and business representatives, the hotel was formally opened to the public on June 1. Thousands of people had seen the mural by this time, and no public objections had been made. Then, as is the custom, the Archbishop was asked to bless the building. He refused to do so, because of the blasphemous inscription. Señor Luis Osio, managing director of the hotel, asked Rivera to remove it, and claims that Rivera promised to do so; this, of course, Rivera denies. In any event, the headlines of June 1 read: "Diego Rivera Defies Church." The papers of June 2 carried a headline announcing, "Diego Offers to Make a Deal with the Archbishop"; a subhead reported Diego's suggestion that the Archbishop bless the building so that it might make as much money as possible, and curse the mural so that it and Diego might be consigned to hell. Later the same day Diego made the sporting offer to erase the offending phrase and substitute for it the legend Business Is Business. Neither offer was taken up.

On June 3 some seventy students of the Engineering School entered the hotel; when they left, only the word "God" remained on El Nigromante's sheet of paper. But not for long. At midnight Diego, accompanied by fifty friends and comrades, restored the missing part of the inscription. He and his friends then seized the dining-room register and, scrawling the phrase *Dios no existe,* signed their names. The next day the Prado decided to close the dining-room in the hope that the incident might blow over. Nothing happened Saturday. But early Sunday morning, despite all the police protection in the hotel and at the dining-room entrance, Diego's self-portrait was found defaced and the offending portion of the phrase again erased. Monday morning, June 7, found God alone again in the main restaurant of Mexico's most elegant hotel.

The hotel administration is pressing police headquarters to look into these acts of vandalism. Whether the hotel's operators like it or not, the mural is, in a way, a national treasure of the Mexican people, and must be safeguarded as such. The Prado hotel itself actually belongs to the government, for it was built by the Department of Pensions, which has leased the building to its operators for twenty years. Funds for the building—erected on government property—came from pension deductions from government employees. But that is another—and equally fantastic—story. Now the Del Prado administration is trying to shift responsibility for the mural to Pensions, and Pensions wants none of it. It claims that a previous contractor drew up the agreement with Diego. Actually, of course, the contract was drawn up with Pensions, in agreement with the hotel operators. Actually, also, Señor Osio saw the mural many times in

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the painting, and the disputed phrase was plainly visible for six months before the trouble began. I myself saw it last winter.

Of course, Diego's position that no one has the right to interfere with an artist's work is perfectly correct. But knowing the people for whom he was painting, he might have refused the contract—if he were not Diego. He was not in desperate need of the $8,000 he received for the job. But business is business! Now, having caught the public ear, he simply will not shut up. He is the self-appointed champion of freedom of expression. He did not fuss about freedom of expression a few weeks ago, however, when he was painting a portrait for the Goodrich Tire Company's new calendar. Diego unprotestingly complied with the company's suggestions for changes. (Goodrich, by the way, is now worried about releasing the calendar, which under the portrait of a lady who closely resembles Maria Felix, Diego's friend of last winter, bears the slogan, "Best Quality, Tried and Proved.")

The real hero of the affray is, to my mind, neither the loquacious Diego nor the reserved Archbishop, but an unknown actor who played a bit part at the Communist meeting last week at which Diego was welcomed back to the fold. This anonymous comrade had the courage to rise and shout to the shocked brethren, "Nevertheless, God does exist, he does exist, I tell you!" Needless to say, he was hurriedly ejected from the meeting, which had been convened to defend freedom of expression.

Jokja Journal

BY ANDREW ROTH

Jokjakarta, Java, May

THE red carpets were out when our plane landed at the primitive airport of Jokjakarta, the Indonesian Republic's capital in the interior of Java. Visitors are welcome here because they help dispel the sense of isolation built up by long months of blockade. People have a real hunger for news and printed matter from the outside. Officials to whom an American gave an armful of magazines could not resist looking through them before they transacted any business.

The plane in which we arrived was particularly welcome because it brought a "good-will mission" from East Indonesia. This region was established by the Dutch in December, 1946, as a puppet state, but its parliament decided recently by a nearly unanimous vote to send a mission to the Republican capital to say that the people of East Indonesia consider the republic the hub of Indonesian nationalism.

The message of encouragement was badly needed. On the streets of Jokjakarta peddlers are hawking a cigarette called "Renville," after the United States navy transport on which a Dutch-Indonesian accord was reached through the efforts of the United Nations Good Offices Committee, but Republican leaders were left with a bad taste in their mouths after signing. Their agreement to withdraw troops from the richest areas of Java and to join a federated United States of Indonesia which will start life under Dutch sovereignty is very unpopular. A young lieutenant returning begrimed from the front commented with disgust, "When someone starts talking about Renville, I just have to walk away; I cannot stomach it." The feeling against the agreement is so strong that the Masjumi (Moslem Party) was able to unseat Amir Sjarifuddin, the Socialist Premier who negotiated it.

The Republican leaders accepted the agreement because it guaranteed a free plebiscite in Java and Sumatra after six months to determine whether those areas would return to the republic. They were also influenced by economic compulsions and by the belief that membership in the United States of Indonesia would help them to maintain links with nationalist currents in areas under Dutch control. The East Indonesian good-will mission has proved that the republic can count on considerable support outside its own truncated area.

Soldiers are much in evidence in the streets of Jokjakarta, some of them strutting about with an arrogance learned from the Japanese. There are countless types and colors of equipment and uniforms, partly owing to the textile shortage, partly to the fact that the republic's army came into being as a number of scattered groups, each fighting in its own area. Each has its own ideology also, which may be Japanese-inspired anti-white chauvinism, Moslem fanaticism, or the "people's war" obsession of the Socialists and Communists. At first the different groups obtained their supplies from stores they had themselves seized from the Japanese. When these ran out, a single service of supply set up by the republic's leaders, particularly Amir Sjarifuddin, who long served as Defense Minister, helped to unify the army. Taking into account the lack of communications, unification has been fairly successful. The Dutch were convinced that the republic did not have enough control

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over its own troops to carry out the onerous terms of the Renville agreement, but the challenge has been met successfully, and almost every day somewhat bedraggled groups of "pocket soldiers" arrive here—that is, soldiers evacuated under U. N. supervision from Republican-held pockets behind the Dutch lines.

The newcomers swell the population of Jokjakarta to the bursting point—already it has risen from a pre-war 300,000 to a "small million" (900,000). In the cool of the early evening the people pack the streets. Yet for all the overcrowding, Jokjakarta is one of the cleanest Oriental cities I have seen and quite safe to wander around in at night, despite Dutch charges of Republican lawlessness.

Although it is the headquarters of a nationalist revolution which has shaken the foundations of a 350-year-old empire, the city's pace is slow. Indonesians are an easygoing people, accustomed to adjust their lives to the rising and setting of the sun rather than the split-second precision of Western machinery. It is hard to hurry here even if one wants to, for there are only a few patched-up pre-war cars straining their precious tires. The islands are the world's chief source of natural rubber, but tires were never made here and now a new set is worth 100,000 rupiahs—twenty-seven times the yearly salary of an average official. The chief form of transport is the *andong,* a two-wheeled cart so overweighted at the back when three normal-sized Westerners get into it that its slow little horses are almost lifted into the air.

The pace of Jokja is somewhat speeded up by the eager young nationalists who have gathered here to work for the government. As in Burma and Indo-China —and not at all as in India—young people seem the chief source of political energy. The guides provided by the government for visiting journalists are all youngsters in their early twenties, very proud of the republic's achievements but a little inexperienced. Radio Jokjakarta, the two-and-a-half-kilowatt overseas "Voice of Free Indonesia," is manned by some ten announcer-commentators—almost half of them women—whose average age is twenty-four. They write their own scripts and broadcast in English, Dutch, French, Hindustani, Urdu, Arabic, Chinese, and other tongues. They are a bright and eager crew, voracious for information from the outside. One gets the feeling that there can be no checking a movement which has so completely captured the enthusiasm of the educated and patriotic youth, and that this quickly maturing age-group will soon fill the gaps in the movement's leadership.

PRESIDENT SOEKARNO and Premier Mohammed Hatta are still the symbols of nationalist unity and Indonesian independence. Soekarno, a gay and charming man who enormously enjoys the elaborate ritual of being President, is the republic's agitator *par excellence,* tremendously popular with the people except in those areas which lost too many men through his war-time activities in supplying the Japanese with forced labor. Premier Hatta, the devoted wheel-horse of the movement, is more serious, not completely at ease in the limelight.

The present Cabinet does not contain either Sjahrir or Sjarifuddin or any of the other Socialist intellectuals who have played leading roles in directing the republic's internal and external policy since its formation. Sjahrir, a brilliant intellectual but not a popular leader, was forced out as Premier before the Dutch offensive last summer because he made too many decisions on his own hook. He has just split off from the Republican Socialist Party (R. S. P.) and formed his own Socialist Party of Indonesia. He wants no part in the Soviet-American clash he feels is coming.

His departure with a small following leaves Amir Sjarifuddin undisputed leader of the R. S. P. and the People's Democratic Front, which includes the R. S. P. (25,000 to 30,000 members), the Communist Party (4,000), the Labor Party (1,000), and the Socialist Youth (over 100,000). This left coalition receives substantial support from the Indonesian Labor Federation, which had more than 1,000,000 members before the republic's best-developed areas fell to the Dutch attack. The Democratic Front wants not only independence for Indonesia but a higher standard of living for the impoverished peasants, laborers, and middle classes. After I accompanied Sjarifuddin on a political trip, I was convinced that his movement contains a substantial portion of the best educated and most dynamic elements in the republic. In an election based on universal suffrage today it would probably win the votes of from 25 to 30 per cent of the population.

To try to get a straight answer out of the Masjumi leaders is enough to make a reporter go crazy. The party is a loosely knit organization of Moslem social, religious, and military organizations in which fully half the population is represented. Indonesia is 90 per cent Moslem—also 90 per cent illiterate—and among the backward villagers religion has more weight than politics. The local Moslem divines have great influence and have rolled up more than 500,000 members for the Masjumi. Besides independence the only solid plank in the party's program is its desire to see Indonesia become an Islamic state, with Moslem mosques and schools receiving state aid and only a Moslem permitted to be President. Most of its leaders are Indonesian "kulaks"—owners of medium-sized farms who have profited heavily from the mounting price of rice; a few are merchants. Their opportunism in politics is illustrated by the fact that after overthrowing Sjarifuddin because he signed the Renville agreement, they joined forces with Hatta, who supports it as completely.

The number of peasants one sees clad only in burlap

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sacking testifies to the economic pressures which are forcing the republic into the United States of Indonesia. Java produces only 2 per cent of the cloth it needs—the decorative designs of its famous batiks have usually been painted on imported fabrics—and the Dutch blockade has cut it off from its sources of supply. (The Republican area on Sumatra has been able to smuggle enough in from Singapore.) As a result, a two-yard sarong of coarse, poorly blocked material costs about 350 rupiahs here, as much as 150 pounds of rice. Other items which have to be brought through the blockade are equally expensive. A tube of American-made toothpaste, for example, costs seventy-five rupiahs, a week's salary for an average official. And local manufactures are not cheap. A pack of twenty locally made cigarettes averages six rupiahs, half of it tax, or twice the daily wage of an unskilled laborer.

The food situation is not so bad—in several hundred miles of traveling I saw few signs of undernourishment. While the Dutch attack of last summer lopped off the areas with a surplus, leaving the republic with a 25 per cent rice deficit in the one-third of Java it retains, this is made up in part by the region's tapioca surplus. The cost of rice, however, has caused a good deal of hardship to government employees and day laborers.

Large quantities of new notes are in circulation, and the heavy printing of currency is undoubtedly mainly responsible for the inflationary spiral. Money had to be created to meet the tremendous task of defending the republic. Fully 57 per cent of last year's budget was consumed by the military, and the republic's income covered only a fourth of the budget. Income would have been more adequate if effective tax machinery had been operating to skim the profits of the "kulaks." It would be utopian, however, to expect economic efficiency of the Republicans at this stage. Big business has always been in the hands of the Dutch, British, and Americans, and retail trade has been for centuries a virtual monopoly of the Chinese, who number almost 2,000,000.

Republican leaders speak optimistically of future economic possibilities but are conscious of their present weakness. They are anxious to join the interim government, if they are given decent terms, because they understand that the Indies are an economic unit and must develop full trade with the outside. They are so confident of their political strength even in Dutch-controlled areas that they are willing to risk coming under temporary Dutch sovereignty and Dutch economic influence. The visit of the East Indonesian good-will mission showed they have ground for confidence. Moreover, a week after it was here Republican leaders learned that the Dutch-sponsored West Java Conference had elected as chief of state a man who is head of President Soekarno's Supreme Advisory Council and living temporarily in Jokjakarta, the hub of Indonesian nationalism.

Science Notebook

BY LEONARD ENGEL

ARMY and navy officers and also the Armed Forces Research and Development Board have been trying to block investigation of loyalty-clearance procedures in military-research projects. A few months ago a questionnaire asking how loyalty tests were conducted was sent to leading government, industrial, and university laboratories by the Committee on Secrecy and Clearance of the Federation of American Scientists, whose members include such famous scientists as S. H. Bauer, H. A. Bethe, and P. J. W. Debye. In its first report, summarized in this column six weeks ago, the committee disclosed that scientists on military projects have little protection against over-zealous loyalty probers. In a new report the committee presents documentary proof of the brazen maneuvers of the military to keep that fact hidden.

First, a letter from the Office of Naval Intelligence to the committee stated that the director of the navy's chief ship-design laboratory would not be permitted to answer the questionnaire, since "answers to many of the questions would be of a classified nature." Second, a letter from an officer in army ordnance to a university laboratory threatened prosecution under the Espionage Act if the questionnaire were answered. Third, a captain in the navy Bureau of Ships wrote contractors that answers to the questionnaire violated navy regulations. Fourth, an officer in the Office of Naval Research wrote laboratories that furnishing any information in response to the questionnaire, even by laboratories engaged exclusively on non-secret research, would be "detrimental to the national security." Fifth, an Air Matériel Command officer invoked the Espionage Act to block answers by laboratories in his jurisdiction. Capping them all is a memorandum circulated by the Research and Development Board, whose chairman is Dr. Vannevar Bush:

> Information has reached the . . . board that certain organizations are circulating questionnaires . . . asking for information regarding investigation and clearance procedures used by government agencies in connection with those scientists who are rendering part-time service to the United States government. These questionnaires are so comprehensive in detail as to create doubt concerning their goal or objective. There are in existence today a large number of organizations whose objective is to gather such information and later use it as material for propaganda and "smear" programs in an attempt to discredit the United States form of government. It is therefore requested that if any questionnaires of this type, or any other questioning the methods of the United States government, are received in the future, that they be referred to this office for appraisal before any answer is given.

It is a pleasure to report that neither the threats of prosecution under the Espionage Act nor the crude smear quoted blocked the survey. The questionnaire actually probed so little into secret material that it was answered in full by the Los Alamos atomic laboratory, the most secret in the country. Of the 140 laboratories addressed, 66 have replied so far—a high percentage for a mailed questionnaire.

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Del Vayo—France Is Right

THE Schuman government has made many heroic fights for survival, but never has it been victorious by such a narrow margin as in the vote on the six-power plan for western Germany. The Assembly passed a resolution to participate in the application of the London recommendations by a majority of only eight votes. Now London and Washington can breathe again. No fundamental revision of the terms that had been so painfully worked out was exacted, though the agreement was not accepted as a final solution of the German problem. An immense anxiety about France's security still troubles the hearts of Frenchmen, even those who voted yes.

The debate that preceded the vote afforded Americans an excellent opportunity to penetrate into the state of mind of Europe today; France, though it is no longer one of the great powers, is still in many respects the heart and pulse of Europe. Reduced to its simplest terms, the discussion in the Assembly represented the views of two speakers at opposite poles of opinion—Georges Bidault and Pierre Cot. Bidault is the principal French proponent of the Western Bloc. In the debate he had the advantage of speaking in favor of a concept that has already materialized, for Western Union implies agreement on Germany.

It is ridiculous to say, as the French Communists do, that the French Foreign Minister is the dupe of Washington and American imperialism. Bidault is a French patriot, and the most moving moment in his speech was when he referred to himself as the former leader of the Resistance. Georges Bidault has nothing in common with Georges Bonnet but his first name: the capitulator of Munich might be bought by the highest bidder, but the honesty of the present chief of the Quai d'Orsay is beyond question.

Pierre Cot entered the debate with all the odds against him. Of course he is, with the Communist Jacques Duclos and the rightist Paul Reynaud, among the present Assembly's best speakers. But the absurd campaign against him which began when, as Air Minister, he had to pay for the mistakes of Pétain, the boss of the French army, has never entirely ceased, and it has lately been given impetus by his leadership of the *emparantés* in the Assembly—the "in-laws" who side with the Communists on almost every issue.

Logically the palm should have gone to Bidault, not Cot. But such was not the case. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* said on June 14, "M. Bidault made but an indifferent showing when he opened the debate on Friday afternoon with a long wearily delivered and uninspired speech. . . . M. Cot's speech made an obvious impression on the whole Assembly and received, it must be admitted, much more general applause than had M. Bidault's the previous day."

How France feels today is revealed in those few lines. It is not "the fear that the Red Army, at the word of command from the Kremlin, could push to the Atlantic in a matter of weeks" which dominates French thinking—as Stewart Alsop wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune* on June 19—but the fear that France will once more have to face a militarized, aggressive Germany. Mr. Alsop's tendency, and that of other Americans who write about European affairs, to think chiefly of a possible Russian invasion may be justified by future events; but the average Frenchman reads the future in the light of the past and cannot forget his own recent experience of German aggression and brutality or the tales handed down by his parents and grandparents. France has been invaded five times by the Germans, never by the Russians. Not all the billions of E. R. P. money nor all the anti-Russian propaganda sent out from America will deliver Frenchmen from their obsession that Germany will some day strike again.

M. Bidault's speech was "uninspired" because he was talking against his own convictions. Pierre Cot was interpreting the soul of France, and so the deputies forgot for a moment his extreme-left views and fervently applauded.

M. Cot made three points: (1) that the London recommendations abandoned French claims for reparations; (2) that they set up insufficient controls over the Ruhr; (3) that in creating two Germanys they planted new seeds of discord in Europe. Underlying all three was his basic contention that the French government, in its desire to meet American wishes and adapt itself to the German policy of General Clay—which in fact decides the whole attitude of the Western powers toward Germany—had felt compelled to make a retreat on the question of French security. Pertinax and other vigilant observers of their country's foreign policy realized some time ago that M. Bidault came back from Washington last November in despair, convinced of the futility of trying to win over the American government to the French point of view. In London, too, he fought a losing battle, and he appeared before the Assembly last week in a defeatist mood. What he said amounted practically to this: "I myself do not believe in these recommendations, but we must accept them or cut ourselves loose from the United States, and that we cannot afford to do."

As I have insisted ever since the break-up of the London Conference of Foreign Ministers, the only way out of the present impasse is for the four powers to try again to reach an accord on Germany. Russia may feel it can profit from a division of the country carried out by the Western Allies which will be resented by 90 per cent of the German people. But its diplomatic victories in the coming months will not make up for the grave error of having helped to bring about a resurrection of German nationalism which may some day be turned against itself. Playing with German nationalism is a dangerous game. It is often said that Germany cannot be a peril again for many years, but that belief was expressed just as confidently by the Americans and British who were living in Berlin, as I was, in the early twenties—in the days when the dollar was worth twenty billion marks and Germans were dropping in the streets from hunger.

Instead of fostering a change of spirit in the German people, both the Anglo-Saxons and the Russians are courting them as the soldiers of tomorrow. Of all the insanities of the post-war period this is certainly the worst.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

I WISH I could report that Henry Wallace, in his campaign book, "Toward World Peace" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $1.75) formulates not only specific policies for achieving his well-known objectives—peace, security, and abundance at home and abroad—but policies that take account of the world, alas, as it is, that start from here and now. But the book, like most of Mr. Wallace's public statements, is rich in objectives and poor in policies. Aside from this, Mr. Wallace offers a great deal of criticism of Truman's policies, much of it quite justified; he admits that Stalin's policies are not always what they should be, though he usually goes on to explain that they could hardly be different—a concession he never makes to poor old Truman. But he is most eloquent when he is describing his own objectives. They are admittedly attractive—and the mere thought of them carries him away. As a result, just when you expect him to show you the trail through the underbrush which will get us all to the mountain top, you find that he is no longer by your side; he has flown on the wings of words to the peak itself and there he stands, against the sky, proclaiming the beauties of peace, security, and abundance.

On page 35 there are two sentences which epitomize, for me, the Wallace approach to the most difficult and central issues of our time—but it can hardly be called an approach, for Mr. Wallace leaps right over and beyond them before you can say Jack Robinson or Marshall-Molotov.

> The first item in our peace-and-prosperity program is a really strong United Nations. This means that as a *preliminary* [italics mine] we must reach a complete understanding with Russia on all major outstanding points of difference.

I may be forgiven if at this point I began to suspect that Mr. Wallace didn't know the very crucial difference between an objective and a policy. On page 36 Mr. Wallace says in passing that all sincere lovers of peace must work to bring the Marshall Plan under U. N. control at the earliest moment. This at least qualifies as a policy. But not, apparently, with Mr. Wallace. For on page 37, when he actually sets down his policy for aiding the world, complete with points, it is as if the E. R. P. did not exist. Point one reads as follows:

> 1. My plan calls for a proposal from the United States to the U. N. for the establishment of a U. N. Reconstruction Fund, modeled after UNRRA, for the rehabilitation and reconstruction of the war-devastated lands in Europe and Asia to the end that their industry and agriculture may be restored and placed on a self-sustaining basis at the earliest possible moment. It was a fight for the realization of just such a plan that Fiorello LaGuardia waged and lost against our State Department.

Since there is not the slightest possibility, after all that has passed (including the E. R. P.), that Congress would authorize such a proposal to the U. N., this "plan" could hardly be less relevant to here and now. And Mr. Wallace's irrelevance is only surpassed by his irresponsibility. What are we to think of a self-styled people's candidate who counters the Marshall Plan, which is at least a going concern, with an impossibilist plan which is no more than a gleam in his own eye? A Republican who offered such a program would be accused by liberals of sabotaging aid to Europe, of striking at Europe's morale, and of trifling with Europe's misery.

At the end of the book there is another program, "a program of peace, security, and abundance," which turns out to be a list of objectives. They include "peace and understanding with Russia" and "$100-a-month old-age insurance." Mr. Wallace is again on the mountain top, and as we turn away he is expressing his opposition to "Hatred, Despair, Scarcity, Exploitation, Hunger, and War."

I can already hear voices telling me that though Mr. Wallace may be vague or impractical he is an honest man and his heart is in the right place. These considerations may be subjectively interesting; they are objectively irrelevant to the judgment of Mr. Wallace's public behavior.

Item: It may be that Mr. Wallace, who undoubtedly expresses the desires of millions of frightened people, is incapable, for reasons beyond his control, of formulating practical policies for achieving them. But the old fact remains that a candidate for public office who expresses the desires of millions of people yet offers no way of achieving them except his own elevation to power is engaging in demagogy. As a matter of fact, the "leader principle" is deeply imbedded in the Wallace psychology. It comes out in his Roosevelt fetishism; his open letter to Stalin was a flagrant example of it; it appeared in his casual but all too characteristic statement in Europe last year that "a few capitalists of good-will"—he calls himself a progressive capitalist—could straighten everything out in no time; it is implicit in his whole approach to public affairs.

Item: It is possible, though I doubt it, that Mr. Wallace, who presided over the Senate in the war years, is, as he has professed to be, "unfamiliar" with the record of Senator Wayland Brooks. But the fact remains that Brooks is a Chicago *Tribune* reactionary and that the third party, by entering a candidate to oppose a tested liberal, Paul Douglas, is aiding and abetting the re-election of Senator Wayland Brooks.

Item: It is possible, but again I doubt it, that Mr. Wallace "does not know" what the Communists are up to in this country, though his line coincides with theirs even in its most esoteric reaches—but the fact remains that Mr. Wallace whether as dupe or devotee, does follow the Communist line.

Item: One of Mr. Wallace's policies is the repeal of the Taft-Hartley act. But he is said to face the possibility of a Taft in the White House with equanimity, and his third party is contributing to that end.

Item: It is possible, and this I do

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not doubt, that Mr. Wallace cannot help writing a revivalistic "left" jargon containing something for everybody and bristling with ready-made labels which simplify and misrepresent the complicated ingredients of the contemporary scene. But the fact remains that he does deal in resounding half-truths and misleading generalities. Here is a typical, and contemptible, example: "Nobody in this country should be persecuted because he believes in peace with Russia."

It is possible, finally, that Mr. Wallace is not really power-hungry or dishonest but merely confused and misled. But neither set of characteristics seems to me very desirable in a candidate for President of the United States.

GIVEN WALLACE'S portrait of himself as the conscience and the spokesman of liberalism in America, his launching of a third party without the support and against the wishes of organized labor was, it seems to me, an act of political irresponsibility. The sorrows of Wallace —his disappointment at being disinherited by Roosevelt and his determination to get rid of Truman—or the bad judgment of Wallace may explain it; they do not excuse it. But assuming that he was somehow justified in this procedure, there was only one role that he could have played with honor or with any show of sense, the role, namely, of a third, independent force. He could (1) have formulated specific, practical policies for dealing with the outstanding issues of the day; he could (2) have mobilized behind these policies a body of independent liberal opinion so formidable in strength and clarity and moral integrity that it could not be ignored by the next President of the United States, whoever he might be.

Mr. Wallace has done none of these things. On the contrary he has exploited issues; he has lowered the prestige and splintered the force of liberal opinion; and in so far as he has identified liberal opinion with Communist opinion he has made it tragically easy for his successful rival to ignore it and even to condemn it.

I do not see how anyone who regards liberalism as a practical way of dealing with important issues, and not as a way of escaping them, can respect, let alone vote for, Henry Wallace.

Churchill's Hour

THE GATHERING STORM. By Winston Churchill. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

A STORY is current that when someone expressed amazement over the size of the fortune which Mr. Churchill demanded for the journalistic exploitation of his memoirs he justified the high price with the assertion that since Caesar no one but him had mastered the three arts of political strategy, military tactics, and their recording for posterity. This possibly apocryphal dictum represents a rare instance of uninhibited self-esteem corresponding with the truth.

The first volume of Mr. Churchill's memoirs proves his mastery of the three arts. It is confined to the brief years from Hitler's rise to Churchill's own accession to power in Britain's darkest hour. While it throws into bold relief the contrast between his own shrewd foresight and the stupidity of Europe's statesmen of that period, his story is remarkably free of arrogance or vainglory. He does have a strong sense of being a child of destiny. Several times he remarks upon his providential exclusion from British Cabinets with which, in the light of subsequent developments, it would have been futile to share responsibility. His pride was hurt by his long exile in the political wilderness, but viewing it retrospectively he saw a high design in it. He describes his own accession to power in these revealing words: "I cannot conceal from the reader of this truthful account that as I went to bed at 3 a.m. I was conscious of a profound sense of relief. At last I had authority to give direction to the whole scene. I felt as if I were walking with destiny and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial. Eleven years in the political wilderness had freed me from ordinary party antagonisms. My warnings in the past six years had been so numerous and were so terribly vindicated that no one could gainsay me." These words are a true record of the facts as well as an honest confession of the secrets of the heart.

Perhaps the completeness of Churchill's vindication by historical events partly accounts for the remarkable absence of animus in dealing with the blunders of the men who allowed Hitler to advance step by step until he could be brought low only at the price of ruining European civilization. Chamberlain's stupidities, culminating in Munich, are depicted with remarkable clarity but without malice. There is, in fact, a note of magnanimity in the judgment of most of his foes and critics; though he does not bother to hide his contempt for Stanley Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald, whom he regards as the twin symbols of Britain's lethargy during the "long armistice." The only note of bitterness comes at the end of the volume in a dramatic account of his accession to power and a succinct summary of his reign: "Thus then on the night of the tenth of May, at the outset of this mighty battle, I acquired the chief power in the state, which henceforth I wielded in ever-growing measure for five years and three months of world war, at the end of which time, all our enemies having surrendered unconditionally or being about to do so, I was immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs." This note of disappointment and wounded pride is natural enough. One could hardly expect any mortal so completely fashioned and prepared for a specific historic task to understand his own limitations in meeting the economic perplexities of a postwar period, or to appreciate the wisdom of a democratic nation's discernment of that inadequacy.

This first volume of memoirs does not add any appreciable degree of new knowledge to our understanding of the tragic events of the recent past. But it does throw a vivid light both upon the character of the author and upon the failings of the democratic world which Churchill had sought to correct without success and which he was called on to rectify at a terrible price. The greatness of Churchill, in addition to his courage and his gift for the vivid and robust phrase, seems to lie primarily in a combination of moral insight with a genius for political strategy. Unlike many of his Tory colleagues, he both hated and understood the Nazis. He knew and predicted with remarkable prescience that the gangsters in Germany would not be beguiled by the various pathetic devices by which both the great and the small nations of Europe sought either

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to mitigate or to deflect the Nazi fury. He was convinced from the beginning that Hitler meant war.

Unlike the Labor and the Liberal leadership he knew what kind of power would be required to frustrate the design of the dictators. His genius for strategy was elaborated to the point where even the minutiae of military and naval tactics absorbed his interest. He was not unwilling to make strategic bargains to gain his main objective. He would have been willing to make a bargain with Mussolini in order to encompass Hitler's defeat; even as he was ready to make completely common cause with Russia for the same end. But if Mussolini was to be opposed in the Abyssinian venture, he wanted it to be done with might and not with the futile economic sanctions which enraged the Duce but did not stop his adventure.

"We are in this war," declared a young Labor man on the first day of the conflict, "because the Tories willed the means but not the end; and Labor willed the end but not the means. Only Churchill among our leaders willed both the end and the means." That is a fairly neat appraisal of Churchill's place in recent history and of the debt to him of the democratic world.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Mr. Welles on Palestine

WE NEED NOT FAIL. By Sumner Welles. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

"WE NEED NOT FAIL" has a special interest for this particular English reviewer. It is the first book on Palestine written by an American which faces squarely and honestly the complicity of the American Administration and condemns Truman and Bevin with nicely differentiated but strictly impartial savagery. I hope that Sumner Welles's objective analysis will do something to persuade his countrymen that the hideous tragedy was not due to anything as superficial as Mr. Bevin's personal prejudices or as vague as British imperialism but to the play of certain forces which operate just as powerfully in Washington as in Whitehall. The liberal can only combat an evil when he understands it, and then only if understanding does not corrupt his liberalism.

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THIS LETTER was received from a twelve-year-old boy, whose face was horribly mutilated:

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Sumner Welles does not waste space on emotional appeals for sympathy. After a succinct historical survey, which closely follows the lines of the Peel Report of 1936, he analyzes American policy during and after the special United Nations Assembly last November. That his story ends just before the American recognition of Israel and on a note of condemnation in no way diminishes its value. On the contrary, by excluding the latest about-turn in United States policy it reminds us that the conflict between the State Department and the White House is not over, and that that conflict may well produce, despite diplomatic recognition, another twist in favor of the Arab League.

For the review of events at Lake Success, and in particular for the masterly analysis of the legal position of the Security Council in relation to the Palestine dispute, I have little but praise. In a second edition Mr. Welles should place the Morrison-Grady plan in its correct chronological place—after and not before the Anglo-American Commission. He might also devote some attention, in assessing the reasons why the mandate became unworkable, to the effect of the United States immigration laws. When the Statue of Liberty ceased to beckon the immigrant, the European social order was deprived of its most important safety valve. The Johnson act led directly not only to Fascism in Italy but to the resurgence of anti-Semitism throughout Eastern Europe, since the Jews, who since the beginning of the twentieth century had been pouring in hundreds of thousands every year across the Atlantic, were now forced to "stay at home" and compete with Gentiles in the employment market. Fascism and Zionism were thesis and antithesis in the social crisis of Europe between the wars. To that crisis American immigration policy largely contributed, as did the similar policy of the British dominions.

Sumner Welles hardly touches either this issue or the associated issue of American anti-Semitism. Whereas British anti-Semitism has become violently anti-Zionist, since Jews have been fighting British soldiers in Palestine, its American counterpart has frequently exploited Zionism as a method of preventing further Jewish immigration to the United States. The deliberate effort in Congress to exclude Jews from the 200,000 D. P.'s to whom special entry is now to be given is the latest evidence of this tendency. This is probably one of the main reasons for the abyss which divides public opinion in the two countries. Mr. Bevin can rely on anti-Jewish and anti-American prejudice to give him overwhelming public support for a pro-Arab policy. But the pro-Arabs of the State Department have no such roots in mass emotion, and the support of the oil lobby only makes their policy more suspect to the average American.

These reflections only strengthen Mr. Welles's indictment of the Administration's record before the recognition of Israel. American public opinion and American long-term interests alike demanded support for the Jewish commonwealth. The opposition was limited to a few officials in the State Department and at the Pentagon, as well as one section—but only one—of the oil lobby. Yet this fifth column was strong enough to make the President abandon partition; and it may yet be able, in collaboration with the British government, to impose a "compromise" in Palestine.

The explanation for this apparent paradox lies in the unwillingness of the United States to accept an active role in Middle Eastern politics. Granted that the first premise of American policy is that no G. I. will be sent to Palestine before the next war, it follows that America must prop up British influence as a bulwark against Bolshevism. That is why the Foreign Office has been able to exert a stranglehold on the State Department and through it on the President. If America relies on Britain to protect its Middle Eastern oil, then in the last resort Britain will do so on its own terms. Against this awkward fact appeals to the authority of the United Nations, on which Mr. Welles seems to put altogether too much reliance, will be unavailing. America has three courses open to it. It can either intervene directly with men and material and help to build an Anglo-American policy; or it can conclude a settlement with Russia which excludes Britain; or, lastly, it can accept British paramountcy in the area and merely seek to influence British policy by friendly pressure. What it cannot do—and what many Americans would dearly like to do—is rely on Britain to hold the area and on the United Nations to keep Britain's Palestine policy in line with American public opinion. Passing the buck twice is not a double negative!

After Mr. Welles wrote his last page, we drifted to the very edge of a war on the Spanish model, with America non-intervening on the Jewish side, not very effectively, and Britain non-intervening very effectively for the Arabs. Both the British Cabinet and the Administration seem to have been somewhat sobered by observing the consequences of irresponsible partisanship, and for the first time, in the drafting of the truce terms in the Security Council, Mr. Bevin was forced to make substantial concessions, including a British embargo on arms to the Arab states. With the London *Times* suddenly coming out in an editorial for the recognition of Israel, the optimist might easily jump to the conclusion that Mr. Bevin is beginning to "do a Munich on the Arab League." But this will only happen if pressure is steadily and consistently applied on both sides of the Atlantic. The stage is set in Palestine for a deal between Israel and Transjordan, based less on the U. N. partition plan than on the status quo, under which the Jews control the whole of western Galilee. But such a settlement will not be achieved unless and until America makes up its mind on the role it is going to play in the Middle East and fuses an emotional sympathy with the Jews into a consistent policy in accord with its own national interests.

"We Need Not Fail" has a unique value because it is a completely honest book honestly recording both British and American policy. Those who read it will no longer have any excuse for advocating policies for which they are unwilling to accept responsibility.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

War Novelist

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Rinehart and Company. $4.

ALTHOUGH the trade for three years now has been rejecting war books, it has not rejected this one. "The Naked and the Dead" is very definitely a war book. War as seen in Norman Mailer's pages makes a brutal commo-

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tion in the reader's mind, and the book itself is intense with hate and uncompromising in its development of its facts. There is entertainment here, but not on the belly-laugh level, not on the "Mr. Roberts" level. The entertainment in "The Naked and the Dead" consists of poetic emotion and intellectual concepts of the life of humanity presented in parable and symbol. That kind of stuff never rubbed two dimes together in any author's pocket; yet in the first month of its publication the sale of "The Naked and the Dead" averaged 8,000 copies a week. If it is not yet certain of becoming the darling of the bookstores, it is certain of being the season's only significant novel to have a large sale.

On the surface it may seem that a trend in the national emotion has been reversed. But perhaps the event of this book's success is less dramatic than that. There is an enormous hunger in all our minds for further knowledge of the war we have just endured. The war is down in our unconscious now and burrowing there and pressing its great shapeless weight deep into us. It is unmanageable, except by knowledge. The war books the public has passed listlessly by have been those which have not extended its knowledge but have merely added detail or color or depth or intensity of emotion to the picture it already had. "The Naked and the Dead" extends our knowledge.

Although the book is a novel and its author is a fine story-teller, the most powerful talents displayed here are those of the journalist. The story is reported. It is not so much a reading of life as a description in depth of an event in life. Mr. Mailer begins his story where the popular war correspondents of yesterday working over the same ground began theirs—on a troop ship steaming in for a landing on a Pacific island. The story then advances, as the news stories did, in an assault boat, gains the beach, and spreads inland.

Going inland, Mr. Mailer in his working habits walks the path followed by Ernie Pyle, John Hersey, and quite a few others, your reviewer included. He attaches himself to a small unit and reports its activities, hoping in this way to get the whole story—the big picture and the detail of it. Mr. Mailer's unit is an intelligence and reconnaissance platoon working out of division headquarters. Such outfits always were the target for the war correspondent rooting around in this field. By following them he got a campaign on the staff and the working-stiff level. On the front one couldn't see the war for the people in it, and back at headquarters one couldn't see the people for the war they were in, but an I. and R. platoon was involved in both, in the war and its people. Mr. Mailer sticks to his platoon and headquarters and achieves a full, accurate, and broad picture of exactly what a typical campaign for a Pacific island was like.

The extension Mr. Mailer creates over the journalists who preceded him in this field and whose work is now of interest only to antiquarians and specialists consists fundamentally, I think, of an attitude. I believe that neither his gifts nor the tremendous labor he put into his book would have availed him in winning popular gratitude had he not also offered this new, more knowledgeable attitude toward the events of that day.

Like Mr. Mailer, the popular war correspondents were reporting to their readers the echoes they found in themselves of the events they were reporting. And like Mr. Mailer, the war correspondents on the whole made heroic efforts to capture the truth of these events. But no man hears more of the truth than the echoes of it his mind conveys to him, and when a man is in battle his brain becomes a defensive weapon in his head. However he grapples with it, it has a will of its own on such occasions and provides him, not with truth, but with the echoes of it which will enable him to survive. Thus what correspondents of the day produced while breaking the trail which Mr. Mailer follows was a description that was accurate on its surface but false—or at least only temporarily true—internally.

The public was quite content with this at the time. It would have rejected the book that did more than this or less. For we were all in the same boat during the war. Whether at home or on the battlefield, our minds were one great cry for survival. Now readers find themselves bored by the war books that once moved them profoundly; they read Mr. Mailer because in his mind as in theirs the cry has changed, and he can tell the story more accurately than it was told before.

As a war novelist, Mr. Mailer does one thing better than any American has ever done it. He reports on officer's country and enlisted men's country with equal accuracy. His people are Mexicans and Jews, Southerners, Westerners, and Easterners, urban and rural, liberals and Christian Fronters. He has poetry in him and ideas, as well as a remarkable gift for story-telling. We are lucky, I think, that we have a writer of such quality to satisfy our hunger for more knowledge about the war.

IRA WOLFERT

Enchanted Zone

THE MEDITERRANEAN, By André Siegfried. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.

GEOGRAPHY, long neglected, is coming into its own. We are beginning to realize that regions are more real than nations. Mr. Wallace discovered that the problems of the frozen North were the same on either side of the Behring Straits. There is a commission for the Caribbean area, and another for the Pacific. This is belated realism: may it not be disfigured by the belated romanticism of geopolitics, as understood by Sir Halford MacKinder!

Of all regions the Mediterranean is one of the most definite. From Gibraltar to Beyrouth you live in the same atmosphere; when you go from Paris to Marseilles you pass into a different world. Nature, history, and art have made it the most fascinating of all. It

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is, indeed, the matrix of our civilization. And it remains a nerve center, perhaps a neuralgic center. We cannot long take our eyes away from the Mediterranean.

No geographer, historian, or economist can be a prophet; in his Preface Siegfried is still thinking of the Mediterranean in terms of British policy and the lifeline to India. Not a word indicates that we in our turn have said *Mare Nostrum*. And the age-long desire of Russia not to be excluded from this vital area is likewise ignored.

The paradox is that this region, stored with millennial treasures and even today the resort of the most extravagant luxury, is in fact surprisingly poor. There is but a narrow fringe between the shore and the desert or the mountains. The boasted climate does not assure an abundant and well-distributed rainfall. Mineral resources are scanty. This enchanted zone is a deficit area.

André Siegfried gives in 221 pages a marvelous epitome of all the Mediterranean questions: geology, climate, race, resources and developments, trade, and health. There are vistas of history, politics, art, and even poetry, from Homer to Paul Valéry. The book is so good that we regret its aristocratic slimness. Siegfried would have done his subject and himself ampler justice in 500 pages. But the thin volume is neither dry nor superficial. Great penetration, the experience and study of fifty years, have made this compendium extraordinarily substantial. ALBERT GUERARD, SR.

The Truth and Love in Him

THE FRIEDA LAWRENCE COLLECTION OF D. H. LAWRENCE MANUSCRIPTS: A DESCRIPTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY. By E. W. Tedlock, Jr. University of New Mexico Press. $3.50.

THIS is a remarkable bibliography. Not only does it examine, with the cool painstaking labor of scholarship, the 193 manuscripts in Mrs. Lawrence's collection—and nine others thrown in for good measure—but also it is informed with warmth, a growing sympathy, admiration, understanding of its subject, never forgetting that that subject was a man, never seeking to claim him as a literary property, as so often tends to be the case when scholars figure they have learned more facts about somebody than anybody else. There is enough material in Professor Tedlock's book to fascinate those with an appetite for such items as that the paper measures eight and a half by ten and five-eighths inches, or that the pages are incorrectly numbered; there is also material for those who want to study how an artist improved, corrected, extended, his initial attempts; beyond all that, the book is interesting to any who care about Lawrence, so that, as Frieda Lawrence says in a brief foreword, the love and truth in him may rouse the love and truth in others. Professor Tedlock's study is a valuable help, and readable.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Progress and Reason

THE FAITH OF REASON: THE IDEA OF PROGRESS IN THE FRENCH ENLIGHTENMENT. By Charles Frankel. King's Crown Press. $3.

THE Columbia University Press announces that its King's Crown Press is a division "organized for the purpose of making certain scholarly material available at minimum cost." Mr. Frankel's book is an admirable justification of that policy; it has something to say which it says well and succinctly, and which deserved a better fate than piecemeal publication in learned journals, too often all that scholarly work can hope for in these days.

Mr. Frankel's main thesis is an extension and a deepening of the late Carl Becker's "Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers." The thinkers of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment—who after all are our spiritual ancestors, our founding fathers—saw in science the clue to human progress. But their notions of science were of two sorts: first, one in which science was supposed to arrive at, and indeed start out from, metaphysical absolute truths, and, second, one in which science was actually observed in practice to be a unique method of research, cumulative and self-corrective because it did not look for absolute truths. The first notion was perhaps foremost in the minds of the French *philosophes*, and it led them to a theory of progress which "paradoxically, recapitulated in a different language the main features of the theological interpretation of history which the *philosophes* were combating." But most of the *philosophes* were at least confusedly aware that the best practitioners of science had the second notion of it. This second notion at least makes the idea of progress self-consistent. Science remakes its ends as well as its means as it goes along.

So brief an account cannot do justice to Mr. Frankel's book, which deals with problems liberals have never quite solved, but which they cannot dismiss as unreal and still remain liberals. Perhaps we ought to be as sure of ourselves, and our values, as positive, as free of doubts, as some of our opponents claim to be of theirs. But if we give up the kind of "relativism" Mr. Frankel analyzes in this book, we shall indeed have buried the idea of progress.

CRANE BRINTON

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

AS USUAL it took the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe all of the first week of its engagement at New York's City Center to recover from travel-fatigue; and by the second week Danilova was able to give a performance in "Giselle" that was one of the greatest and most moving of her triumphs of spirit over lessened bodily stamina. One had felt a little uneasiness about what might happen; remembering the reduced scale of Markova's recent performances one had expected Danilova to save her strength at the beginning for what would have to be done later; and so it left one breathless to see her make her first leaps about the stage with characteristic outgiving freedom, continue without a sign of constraining caution, and demonstrate to the end that there had been nothing to be uneasy about. The whirling diagonally from back to front of stage might not be done with dazzling speed; in a slow turn *en arabesque* she might not be completely steady; but even with such details the first-act exhibition-dance was carried off in triumphant bravura style, and, then, amazingly, the second act was made exciting by apparently effortless grace, lightness, and flow of exquisite

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phrasing—to say nothing of the dramatic intensity which made this classic act so much more powerful than the first. Franklin was admirable in the quietly assured brilliance he has acquired as a classic dancer; and what little was left of the Queen's role Moylan did superbly. For the rest one had a demonstration of the excellence of the girls of the Monte Carlo *corps de ballet*, the shabbiness of the boys. Scenery and costumes were nondescript.

The other novelty of the engagement, Ruth Page's "Billy Sunday," was worth seeing for—and only for—Danilova's *tour de force* of comic grotesquerie as the seducing Mrs. Potiphar with a Russian accent ("Wottah hendsome young men! So tull; so strung! Weel you heve tea weeth me?"). One enjoyed Danilova having fun; but that extraordinary theater sense would have been better employed in "Le Baiser de la fée" and "Mozartiana," two of the Balanchine masterpieces that were not given, or in "Night Shadow."

The company has been greatly strengthened by the addition of Moylan, whose clarity and supple ease, based on extraordinarily strong and secure technique, brought new beauty to "Concerto Barocco," and who showed at the beginning of a performance of "Danses Concertantes" (before she became intent on remembering the difficult steps) a gaiety and wit something like Danilova's. What the company needs is similar strengthening by a male dancer of comparable powers; for outside of a pair of dazzling legs Danielian has only what wrecks every performance one has the misfortune to see him in—not only the faults of appearance, movement, and personality that spoil his own dancing, but the clumsiness as a partner that knocks Krassovska off balance, stops Danilova dead in a spin, and so on.

The Monte Carlo management, this time, did post in the lobby notices of the cancelations of "Giselle" necessitated by Franklin's injured knee; but it still did not give the public the advance information about casts that it is entitled to have. Opera companies give the public advance information about the singers in their performances—with the understanding that if Tagliavini should have laryngitis on the day of the performance another tenor will take his place; and the public has the right to similar knowledge, with the same understanding, about ballet performances. Specifically, the public for whom the Monte Carlo performances of "Coppelia" have meant Danilova should have been informed in the Sunday advertisements that the matinee performance on February 29 or the evening performance on March 5 would have Krassovska. And it was entitled to know whether it would be Danilova or Krassovska in this performance of "Night Shadow," Danilova or Moylan in that performance of "Danses Concertantes."

A. E. Twysden's "Alexandra Danilova" (Kamin Dance Publishers, $5) is as poor as such books usually are; but it contains bits of interesting material and a large number of photographs, some of them marvelous, but nearly all of them poorly reproduced.

"A Dictionary of Musical Themes," compiled by Harold Barlow and Sam Morgenstern (Crown, $5), is the kind of book I don't have much interest in; but as it happened I did, one day, want to identify a theme, and found that the book works.

CONTRIBUTORS

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IRA WOLFERT is the author of "Battle for the Solomons" and "Tucker's People," a novel.

ALBERT GUERARD, SR., has just published his autobiography, "Personal Equation."

CRANE BRINTON, professor of history at Harvard University, is the author of several books, of which the most recent is "From Many One."

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Letters to the Editors

George Polk—His Own Memorial

Dear Sirs: As Don Hollenbeck said, "The truth is the real victim in the murder of George Polk." If the truth can be silenced by murder and if the murder is soon forgotten, then the pattern will continue far beyond my brother's death.

It is, of course, quite easy merely to charge one side or the other—left or right—with the murder. That I cannot do. What is important is to press the inquiry into the facts and causes of the murder. Only if the killers are fully convinced that terror and intimidation will result in greater news coverage and sharper exposure of the truth, will there be any safety for reporters or a chance for Americans to learn the whole story about Greece and the Middle East and, for that matter, the rest of the world.

I think it is also important to point out what my brother was trying to do. He was, by the nature of his work, not a partisan of any one political line in the countries he reported on. He was neither the Communist he was labeled in Greece nor the fascist he probably would have been called in the Balkans. He was interested in reporting the facts as he found them. If to do this he had to become anyone's enemy, he felt justified. Perhaps a few extracts from some of his letters to me will explain the antagonism he had aroused in certain circles in the Middle East and in Greece, which finally resulted in his murder.

EGYPT

Cairo, April 30, 1947—I . . . sat and waited and looked at the appalling suffering and inhumanity that is Egypt. The scene is frightening. As —— said the other night, "The way to create pro-Zionist feeling throughout the world is to bring non-Arabs to the Arab world and await the inevitable result."

Cairo, July 8, 1947—I returned here, and did a relatively routine broadcast on Egypt, on Egypt's grandiose dreams of empire, and on its poverty, ignorance, and disease. . . . This touched off *Akhbar El Yom* into a diatribe against me—"a real British whore." The paper also gave its account of what I said; all of it dreamed up, I guess. So I'm battling Arabs around the Middle East. Before I left Jerusalem, I was getting about two telephone threats a day of assassination. Now I've had a couple here. —— called to say that I should be careful. So I'm packing a rod night and day.

I think it is worth adding here that George was not *just* critical of Egypt. He backed up his convictions by giving his entire pension as a disabled navy pilot to an educational institution in Cairo.

PALESTINE

Jerusalem, October 2, 1947—We had gone down [to Latrun—W. R. P.] after a long battle with stuffy Britishers. Those in Palestine are the world's worst of an otherwise nice people. . . . When we ten correspondents got inside the Latrun gate, we ran like rabbits to forbidden areas and forced our way into places where we could talk to prisoners. The British guards raged, but had to telephone Jerusalem for instructions on how to handle us. . . . We broke a story . . . that was rather sensational, and almost got our visas and press passes lifted. We had a hell of a battle with the High Commissioner by letter, and when he refused to see us, we wrote stories about stuffed shirts that caused the British embassy at Washington to plead for cooperation in Palestine.

Teheran, March 25, 1948—From Damascus I'm going to Amman and then to Jerusalem by a back door. I'm taking a portable foxhole and an armor-plated microphone! By the by, you probably know Johnny Donovan [of N. B. C.—W. R. P.] had a bad car accident. . . . He was under sniper fire and snap-rolled about six times as he tried a corner just under 100 m. p. h. . . . Guy Cox, British Exchange Telegraph correspondent . . . was killed on the Jerusalem-Lydda road. [My brother later wrote me that he had been fired on three times on the same road.—W. R. P.] Another lad, Bob Heecocks, was shot through the thigh in Jerusalem, and the London *Times* man has also been wounded.

GREECE

Salonika, July 21, 1947—Salonika has lived through a tough twentieth century. The men and women look far older than their years. The children are scrawny. Everyone is thin and tired. But I like the Greeks very much. In fact, coming here from Egypt makes every day a delight in human relationships. The Greeks have dignity and color and strength. . . .

Tomorrow morning I strike out northward toward the Greek-Yugoslav frontier. I'm looking forward to the trip as an interesting experience, plus possible contact with some guerrilla bands. Also, I was glad to get away from Athens. I dislike the regime so much that being in that lovely city is a tear at the emotions. If you've been hearing any of my numerous broadcasts or reading my cables you've seen that I've been letting King Paul's regime have it right between the eyes. It's fascist and below the belt in every way. On top of that, *our* Mr. Dwight P. Griswold, the new aid administrator, is . . . just a lame-duck former Nebraska governor. And nobody else would have the Greek-aid job.

Griswold's conference was the most appalling I've ever sat through. His assistants are equally bad. I feel a very critical and definitive broadcast coming up on the subject. . . . So it appears that we're going to pour money down Athens holes for any of the government rats to get at. . . . One thing I am very pleased about. I played down the "great" battle of Konitsa. . . . The pressure to give the story "everything it could stand" was heavy, because the A. P. was filing lavish guff on what wasn't going on. But I prevailed on New York, and everyone at C. B. S. treated the story reasonably. We drifted along that way for a week. Then the Greek army general-staff spokesman called a press conference and complained about the civilian Greek government's "exaggerated" communiqués on the Konitsa affair. . . .

We have a grand bunch up here. . . . Life is horribly expensive—about $25 a day. I haven't met a Greek yet who can earn his daily keep if he isn't in the government or the black market. But for those with money Greece is a lovely place. Somehow my sleep is troubled, however, by the faces of the children and their thin bodies and their big eyes.

Athens, February 17, 1948—I've been taking things easy for a couple of days after a fearful trip to northern Greece, where I slept out on the mountain side with units of the Second Infantry Division and the Fifteenth Mountain Division. . . . The sensation of the trip was a blunt United States army major's reply to a stuffed-shirt Greek major general's question. The general asked for the major's comment on the day's operation. The American officer said, "Well, General, you used eight companies to take Hill 981. But the operation was strictly a one-company operation." That broke up the conference!

In March I received a letter from my brother which unfortunately I did not save. In it he mentioned that several times in Athens he had been telephoned anonymously by persons who called him a Communist and told him he would be killed.

Athens, March 11, 1948—For three months I've been working on a radio in-

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terview with General Markos. . . . I'm in contact with contacts who have promised to get me to Markos. [It later developed that these "contacts" may have been fakes. —W. R. P.] My plan is to interview him on his own secret radio station, and have B. B. C.–London record the show. I think this should be a terrific report, especially on the eve of what promises to be a spring of war and rumors of war.

Athens, May 5, 1948—Finally, I plan a quick junket to Konitsa, that ever-turbulent Greek-Albanian date line that has been called the "fuse of World War III."

That was the last I heard from my brother. Three days later he disappeared, and a week later his body was found floating in Salonika Bay, hands and feet bound, and a bullet hole in the back of his skull.

I am now working with the Newsmen's Commission to Investigate the Murder of George Polk. The commission is composed of representatives from the New York Newspaper Guild, which included George among its 8,000 members; the standing committee of the United Nations Correspondents; the Foreign Press Association; and the American War Correspondents Association.

The commission is cooperating with the Overseas Writers' Association, which has made arrangements with General William J. Donovan to see how the Greek government is handling the investigation. I would like to make clear, however, that I think the investigation will only be pursued to its true end by a group, unlike the Athens police force, which has no stake in the final conclusions. I must declare that from my own observations on the scene, and from George's spoken and written words, my faith in the impartial efficiency of the Greek police force is not very strong. In short, I feel that an unprejudiced investigation should be carried on by reliable newspapermen who can be entirely objective.

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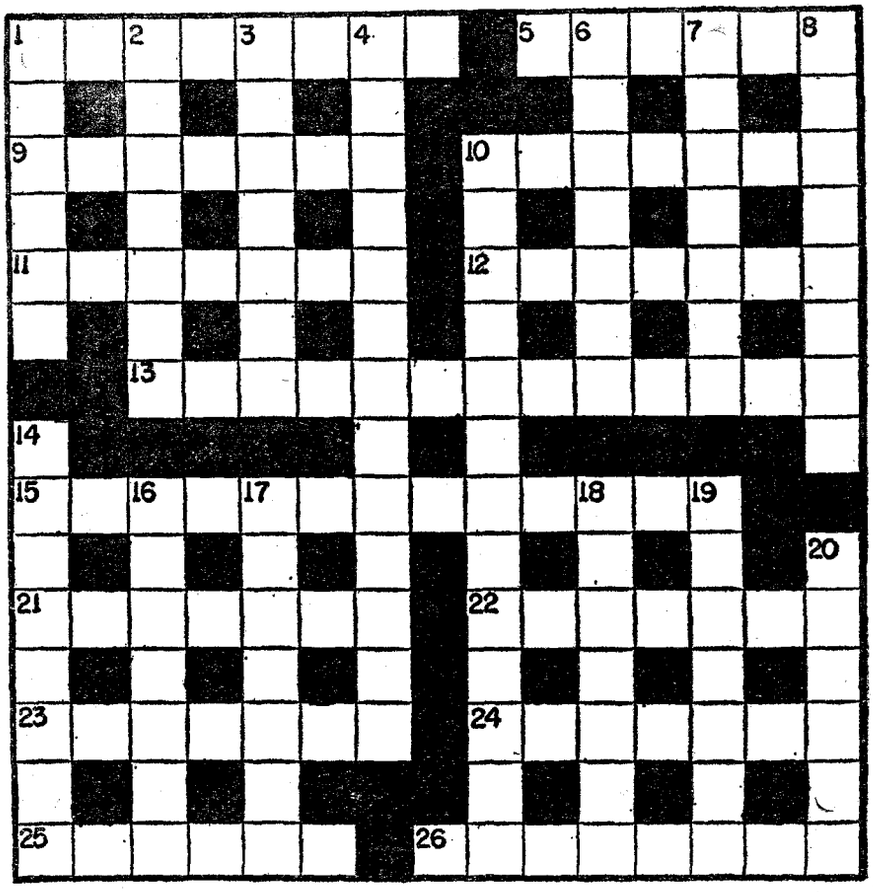
Crossword Puzzle No. 268

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A drug on the market may mean good business here. (8)
5 A lake which should be 10. (6)
9 The ancient type, so Eccles won't do. (7)
10 Should imply a calm ocean. (7)
11 It felt a lot different for a swashbuckler around the Gulf Coast. (7)
12 One of a pair which can be a one-horse-power load. (7)
13 Here's the balance of the crew outing. (13)
15 Did a bull in a china-shop cause the scare they made? (6, 7)
21 Put inside an envelope. (7)
22 A term in the matter of clothes. (7)
23 The rest changed ties, not without a hitch. (7)
24 Its tusk is valued for its ivory. (7)
25 When umbrellas go up, this comes down. (6)
26 A retainer in my dorm. (8)

DOWN

1 Richardson's servant-heroine. (6)
2 A cur, if I find it capable of a base change. (7)
3 Boss of the happy hunting grounds. (7)
4 Not necessarily to the credit of the power company. (7, 6)
6 Leave. (7)
7 Do trousers take such beating? (7)
8 Little time to speak on the subject of how to make things pretty. (8)
10 What the up-to-date editor strives for? (5, 8)
14 Why "U" seems like 5 in England? (5, 3)
16 A cut any map of Middle America shows. (7)
17 Descriptive of running salt water? (7)
18 This will be well-spoken shortly. (7)
19 The seed seems to have. (7)
20 He might be put in last, but not in his own country! (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 267

ACROSS:—1 MARK TIME; 5 STYLES; 10 LAGER; 11 GERANIUMS; 12 SATANIC; 13 and 17 down PRIVATE PROPERTY; 14 VASSAL; 15 SONNETS; 18 RED HAIR; 21 DECOCT; 24 POSITED; 26 LORENZO; 27 RELIQUARY; 28 BARBS; 29 YEOMEN; 30 ADJUNCTS.
DOWN:—1 MOLEST; 2 RIGHT HAND; 3 THRONES; 4 MAGICAL; 6 TENSION; 7 LAURA; 8 SUSPENSE; 9 GRAPES; 15 ECCENTRIC; 19 ANTIQUE; 30 RADIAL; 21 DELAYED; 22 CARIBOU; 23 NOOSES; 25 SALVO.

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